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'83 TO '87 IN THE SOUDAN.*

WHEN we first met at Jeddah (in February '74) Mr. Wylde, the son of an old and valued friend, he had already begun life as a planter in Ceylon; and, at the port of Meccah, he was domiciled with MM. Oswald and Betts (not to mention eleven varmint terriers, with a pronounced taste for native legs) in a Bachelor Hall, which was as jolly as jolly could be. He presently ('75) removed to Abyssinian Sawákin—which he had already prospected—with the view of developing trade; and, since that time, his life has been of the most energetic and eventful. He filled a variety of posts—as first vice-consul for the Red Sea, Head of the Intelligence Department, and Commandant of the Abyssinian Scouts, besides acting amateur surveyor for the Sawákin-Berber R. R., and volunteer guide and Shikári to the Adowa Mission and to a host of minor *Ausflugs*. In '75 he met at Sanheit (i. 17) Gordon Pasha and accompanied him to Khartoum, whence he rode back through the desert to Sawákin, and again forgathered with him ('79) in Abyssinia, where the governor of the Equatorial Provinces was virtually a prisoner. Gordon's letters (ii. 258-60) show that the two were on the best of terms, and the junior ever speaks of the senior with respect and reverence—a tone which is falling out of fashion. The plans for the railways being now completed were laid ('80) before that "empty-headed demagogue," Arabi Pasha. In '81, Mr. Wylde returned to England for the third time, and during the next year he visited Bombay and Karáchi with the object of extending commerce in the Red Sea. He was again at Sawákin ('82) when Europeans were being massacred at Alexandria, and he is grateful to the gallant tribesmen for pro-

tecting their strangers against the Egyptians. In '83, when his book begins, Mahdism had become a fact; and presently by our mismanagement and craven policy it was allowed to ruin the Arabian trade, reduce Jeddah to a mere *comptoir*, and threaten Sawákin with capture and massacre.

Mr. Wylde has, therefore, a right to speak *ex cathedra* concerning the Soudan and the Soudanese, and his speech has no uncertain sound. His two volumes should be earnestly read and carefully considered by the "authorities," who will, however, do nothing of the kind. They have been shown up as model incapables, and the charges against them can be met only by countercharges. A more damning record of incompetence and maladministration it will be hard to find in the annals of this century. A gallant and noble race of negroids, fighting for freedom and striving to cast out the Egyptian task-master and the Turkish tax-gatherer, has been wantonly attacked and uselessly slaughtered by Englishmen in the pay of Egypt, once more become the "basest of kingdoms," by a friendly nation whose sons were known only as "the men who came to shoot big game." And even the process of slaughtering was not carried out without manifold disasters to the slaughterer. Verily, England is not a success in Africa, north or south. Ill-chosen and incompetent commanders, under whom even the bravest soldiers will run like hares, have made the records of "Caffre Wars" a national disgrace; but it is a far cry to the Cape, and Europe has not yet learned the dishonouring details. The Nile expedition, even in the pleasant pages of Count Gleichen (with the Camel Corps, &c.), when soldiers carried in their kits "goggles, veils, prayer-books, and spurs" (to use upon camels!) reads like a lecture upon how not to do it, and a warning, as the Arabs say, to whom will be warned. Egypt would seem ungovernable to the Anglo-Saxon as Ireland. In the former case the cause does not lie very deep, but deep enough to escape the shallow eye of administration. Cavour, the one master politician of the nineteenth century, so packed the cards that Italy may lose as many campaigns as she pleases but still she must gain ground and weight. We have so mismanaged matters in Egypt that whatever happens we cannot win, we must lose. The various positions which have been occupied from the beginning by the "civilian home clerks who govern England," the "official nobodies who now to her cost rule our country," is the prime cause of our failure. Every man of sense knows that we ought either to have taken the Nile Valley or to have left it stewing in its own juice, without aid from the French or the Turks. But we did neither one thing nor the other; and the slippery base of a temporary occupation accounts for all our lapses and *laches*, including the short-sighted and pusillanimous policy of abandoning the Soudan.

Mr. Wylde's work consists of sport, trips, and campaigns in almost equal proportion. He is ardent after "fluff and feather," and we can complain only that he has not been more lavish of details concerning the manners and habits of the local fauna he knows so well. His visits to the tribesmen are most interesting, and prove that the Soudan is virtually a *terra incognita* whose antiquities

promise amply to reward the explorer. His notices of the battles which he witnessed are told with a reserve which we must confess to be commendable when we reflect that he must hold in reserve a most condemnable budget of follies and failures. Take this for instance:—

'It was another case of too late; everything seems to be too late with regard to the Soudan. It was too late to prevent Hicks Pasha leaving with his army from Khartoum; too late to make the Suakim and Berber Railway when it was decided on; too late for Suleiman Pasha Niazí to try pacific means with the tribes; too late sending Baker Pasha to take over affairs; too late to relieve Tokar; too late to relieve Singat, and too late to think of getting together a force to catch Osman Digna after the English troops had beaten the tribesmen" (i. 173).

But he lets out bravely when he treats of "our bureaucracy":—

"Being often in the Intelligence Department, and often asked my opinion, I could see what was going on, and I must say I do not blame the local authorities, but those at home. Had General Graham been left to do what he considered was the best, there can be no doubt that he would have let General Stewart go across the desert; but, being tied to London by the wretched telegraph wire, the policy, if any, and all instructions were issued from there, and any decision that Admiral Hewett or General Graham might have come to had to be confirmed before they could take action" (i. 175).

Here, too, is valuable testimony:—

"I have been to places where no Egyptian official has ever been, and have been treated with the utmost courtesy and hospitality, and what every sheikh and every one requires seems to be—leave us alone, don't try and re-tax us" (ii. 286).

And we end with:—

"In God's name let us have a settlement of the question and try to make some reparation for the amount of blood-guiltiness we have on our hands, and by our future behaviour strive to wash away the stain that disgraces the name of England in her dealings with the Soudan during the last few years" (ii. 266).

This policy of meddle and muddle, this ineptest interference with local administration for party purposes, is sapping the very foundation of our prosperity. And I may repeat my assertion that if India in 1750-1800 had been connected with England by steamers and telegraph-wires we should now probably be holding, as in China, a triad of treaty-towns, say Calcutta, Bombay, and Madras. A great empire must (or, in our case, should) have an imperial policy; and it would be well if we followed that of our prosperous rivals, the Russians. But for the incapable Lord Tomnodys and Mr. Slocums of the "offices" to insist upon capable subordinates becoming mere channels for the conveyance of orders is a policy so premature that, like the grand sham termed "Free Trade," it is cutting its own throat; and England, we fear, is now living upon the capital of reputation won by her sons in times gone by.

Mr. Wylde, whose experience of the Red Sea region antedates, as we have seen, that of all his rivals, has his nostrum for medi-

* With an Account of (the late Admiral) Sir William Hewett's Mission to King John of Abyssinia | By | A B Wylde | with Map | London, Remington 1888. Two vols. 8vo. pp. 447 and 314 (= pp. 661); vol. ii. containing 5 Appendices, (1) Red Sea Track, (2) Geographical Notes, (3) Hewett's Treaty, (4) Slave-Treaty with King John, and (5) Osman Digna's family-tree. For index, we have only detailed contents of chapters—quite insufficient. The map is no credit to Mr. Stanford's well-known establishment; the negligence of the work is a constant annoyance to the student. The mapper has not taken the trouble to read the sheets—an ever-increasing nuisance—and consequently there are two sets of spelling "Zullah" (i. 46, map Sula), "Aripahle" (*ibid.* Arifale), "Lardo" (i. 55 Lado), to mention only three. This useless appendage begins, as usual, with the Nile-mouth, and runs up to S. Lat. 3°, covering far too much ground. We want a mere sketch-map of North-Eastern Africa, with detailed plans of the Sawákin and Masawwah countries. The former has been supplied by the author; but the latter, showing the route to Adowa, is conspicuous for its absence.

cining the Eastern Soudan. He is wroth with the "don't-care-a-fig-for-the-merchant" policy of late years, and his healing draught would consist of three ingredients. His first is a minimum of armed occupation, a small Anglo-Indian force for base on the seaboard, and a dromedary-corps of tribesmen to replace those model poltroons, the Egyptian fellah-soldiers. The second is a Sawákin-Berber R. R. (vol. ii., chap. v.), which would bring Khartúm within a fortnight of London; and his third is represented by the resuming of mercantile intercourse with the Soudanese. The prescription is practical, and adapted to the requirements of the case. But what would become of the "offices"? whence would come the K.C.B.-ships? and, alas! where would be the plunder? It is not to be wondered at that so versatile a young gentleman, with the peculiar habit of telling unsavoury truths, should earn such distinctive titles as "the Rebel," as "Wild by name and nature," and as "that damned Wyld"; and, lastly, that his opponents pooh-pooh him as a trader who would secure a monopoly of trade. Let me suggest that if they would thoroughly silence him they could not do better than send him as Her Majesty's consul for Masawwah to succeed Plowden and Cameron.

I have no intention of criticising these volumes as a learned book, or of noticing such lapses as "Usha" for "Ushr" = *Asclepias gigantea* (i. 259), "Simoon" for *Simám* (ii. 103), "Ras Harfoon" for *Háfún* (ii. 233), "Blue Nile" for Blue River (ii. 134), and so forth. "Sawákin" is the old survival of the Portuguese *Suanquem*, corrupted from *Sawákin* = the settlements; the word, however, may be local and dialectal. Nor would it be fair to take away the reader's interest in a host of minor details: such are the writer's peculiar views of the present Khedive's character and conduct (i. 182); of King John the Abyssinian (ii. 11); of the Border-chief, Ras Aloula, the *bête noire* of the Italians, and withal a fine and thoroughbred specimen of his race; of Mr. Portal's mission to the highlands, and of the "greatest hero of the century"—Emin Pasha (i. 235). He corrects many popular errors concerning the redoubtable Osman Digna, whom the Egyptians term *Dakanah* (of the beard, the Hebrew *Dgna*, *Degena*, so famous in the *Kabbalah*). Of less important matters we have *slow lou* and *spring lou* (i. 297); how African cows are treated by the milkmaid (i. 293), and how camels should be treated (ii. 94); the unsexing of Egyptian soldiers (i. 330) and of native lads (ii. 250)—an abomination now transferred to Arabia; the order of Solomon (ii. 14); coal-scuttles in Sawákin, the missionary so justly hated throughout Abyssinia (ii. 3), and the wretched Sawákin clique (ii. 19); ending with valuable notices of the neighbouring hill-stations (ii. 283) and the Tokar delta, the *Biládu 'l-Amán* = Land of Security, as the tribesmen term it. And, now that Sawákin is still garrisoned by those ignoble Nilotes, and is being pounded by the "rebels" who, I repeat, are fighting for man's birthright of freedom, these volumes may contribute not a little to abate the ignorance of England, and excite the sympathy of a well-meaning, but not a well-instructed, public.

RICHARD F. BURTON.

Old-Fashioned Roses. By James Whitcomb Riley. (Longmans.)

THOUGH this book is printed and published in London, one is not long in discovering that these *Old-Fashioned Roses* have grown where morning-glories are to be plucked as well. I have not seen the *Century* "Bric-a-Brac" of late; but, if I mistake not, Mr. Riley is one of that pleasant "nest of singing-birds."

It can hardly, I think, be denied that the average of American books of verse is higher than ours. Great books are, perhaps, as rare in the one country as in the other; but, leaving those out of consideration, one may, it seems to me, more safely rely on the American rhymers than on the English for command of his vehicle. He more rarely afflicts us with such barbarities of amateurish versification and commonplace as those to which we are here all too sadly inured. At the same time, there is a family likeness noticeable in his work which is apt to grow monotonous, a certain sensuousness, or rather lushness, in his treatment, together with a careful daintiness of phrase, which, I suppose, we must attribute to discipleship of Keats and Mr Austin Dobson. This is even felt at times in growths otherwise indigenous, as in dialect poems; with the result that one often has a feeling in reading such that they are not a genuine dialect product, but translations from a more cultivated tongue.

All these remarks apply directly to Mr. Riley's charmingly printed and prettily attired volume. There is not a verse therein which is commonplace or other than in some way delightful, all bear witness to easy skill in versification, all are sensuous and dainty, and many of the best are in the Hoosier dialect. Mr. Riley's most winning of poems is one of the latter. I quote the first two verses:

"They ain't no style about 'em,
And they're sort o' pale and faded;
Yit the doorway here, without 'em,
Would be lonelier, and shaded
With a good 'eal blacker shadder
Than the mornin'-glories makes,
And the sunshine would look sadder
For their good old-fashion' sakes.

"I like 'em 'cause they kind o'
Sort o' make a feller like 'em;
And I tell you, when I find a
Bunch out whur the sun kin strike 'em,
It allus sets me thinkin'
O' the ones 'at used to grow,
And peek in thro' the chinkin'
O' the cabin, don't you know."

But if the seal of his tribe be upon him, Mr. Riley has none the less many fine individual qualities which are not to be derived. His fancy is quite exceptionally abundant, and there are in his work touches of that higher quality of imagination not so frequent in his school. There is, moreover, much humanity and quaint humour in his poems; and he reaches our hearts no less frequently than he charms our aesthetic sense. In "Griggaby's Station," for instance, how touching is the Hoosier parallel of Bridget Elia's famous regret!

"What's in all this grand life and high situation,
And nary pink nor hollyhawk bloom in' at the door?
—
Le's go a-visitin' back to Griggaby's Station—
Back where we ust to be so happy and so pore!"

And how the old childhood's creepiness comes over one as we listen to "Little Orphant

Annie's" tales of "the gobble-uns 'at gits you, Ef you Don't Watch Out!":

"An' little Orphant Annie says, when the blaze is blue,
An' the lampwick sputters, an' the wind goes woo-oo!
An' you hear the crickets quit, an' the moon is gray
An' the lightain'-bugs in dew is all squenched away—
You better mind yer parents, and yer teachers fond and dear,
An' churish them 'at loves you, an' dry the orphant's tear,
An' he'p the pore an' needy ones 'at clusters all about,
Er the gobble-uns'll git you
Ef you

Don't
Watch
Out!"

The section of Hoosier poems at the end of the volume, from which these quotations are made, attracts me most, but I think it can only be from personal preference; for the qualities discovered therein are no less manifest in the earlier pages. "An Old Sweetheart of Mine" is a delightful *ruse*, for the old sweetheart on the memory of whom the poet muses in ten verses, proves, in the eleventh, to be none other than his wife, whose "living presence" he greets as the poem closes. It is, unfortunately, too long to quote—a quality in the present case nothing but grateful to the reader, though tantalising to the reviewer. The choice of "the favourite" in any pleasant volume is always tiresome, and it seems especially so here. It might be a longer one if space permitted, but one can hardly do wrong in quoting "A Life-Lesson":

"There! little girl; don't cry!
They have broken your doll, I know;
And your tea-set blue,
And your play-house, too,
Are things of the long ago;
But childish troubles will soon pass by.
There! little girl; don't cry!"

"There! little girl; don't cry!
They have broken your slate, I know;
And the glad, wild ways
Of your school-girl days
Are things of the long ago;
But life and love will soon come by.
There! little girl; don't cry!"

"There! little girl; don't cry!
They have broken your heart, I know;
And the rainbow gleams
Of your youthful dreams
Are things of the long ago;
But Heaven holds all for which you sigh.
There! little girl; don't cry!"

Surely this is very beautiful, and yet when, on another page, one sees "The Little White Hearse" go "glimmering by," one feels that that should have been quoted; and, indeed, the last verse shall be:

"As the little white hearse went glimmering by—
A man looked out of a window dim,
And his cheeks were wet and his heart was dry,
For a dead child even were dear to him!
And he thought of his empty life, and said:
'Loveless alive, and loveless dead—
Nor wife or child in earth or sky!'
As the little white hearse went glimmering by."

I have given no sample of Mr. Riley's "art-poems"—those of the old gold and apple-blossom type I mean—because, beautiful as they are, they have, for the most part, that family-likeness referred to above; and I preferred to utilise the space at my disposal in exhibiting his more individual qualities.

Nevertheless, there are many of them very cherishable, such as "The Days Gone By" and "The Orchard Lands of Long Ago"; while the trifling debt of cadence in such poems as "Afterwhiles"—

"Afterwhile—and one intends
To be gentler to his friends," &c.

and "Away" is a small matter in relation to their qualities of freshness and vigour. My pencil, too, has marked many such images as these:

"... the long highway, with sunshine spread
As thick as butter on country bread."

"Where the daisies looked like star-tracks
Trailing up and down the dawn."

Or,

"The ripening side of the great round earth
That swings in the smile of God;"

But I may quote no more. So I will conclude with Mr. Riley's own words—words which, after all, sum up all criticism, and might as well take the place of much wire-drawn dissertation—and say of his verses, that, howsoever their qualities be expressed in the language of literary technicality,

"I like 'em 'cause they kind o'
Sort o' make a feller like 'em."

RICHARD LE GALLIENNE.

Adelaide Ristori: Ricordi e Studi Artistici.
(Turin and Naples: Roux.)

English Translation. (W. H. Allen.)

THIS modest and charming volume will be hailed with delight by all lovers of the stage, especially by those who can look back to the time when the great actress, after taking Paris by storm, first appeared in England in 1856. They will remember the enthusiasm she excited by her impersonations of the terrible Medea, the outraged Rosmunda, the pathetic Pia de' Tolomei, and the love-stricken Francesca da Rimini in the feeble work so well defined by a French critic as a specimen of the infancy of tragic art. The grandeur, dignity, and grace of the beautiful Italian, the varied intonations of her marvellous voice, and the thoroughly artistic power with which she lived in her parts can never be forgotten by anyone who saw her in the zenith of her fame. And admiration for her genius was enhanced by the knowledge that this perfect actress was also a perfect woman, full of goodness and strength, and a pattern of all domestic and social virtues. Her character is reflected in her book; for, while reviewing her past career with honest pride, she is evidently content with her well-earned fame, accepting age and comparative obscurity with the same simple modesty with which she enjoyed the triumphs of her youth. In fact, her reticence is almost excessive, for she only speaks of Ristori the artist, allows us no glimpse of the gracious personality of Marchesa del Grillo, and refers public curiosity to other sources for all details of her life. This delicacy is of course an added merit; yet one cannot help regretting that M^{me}. Ristori should not have been guilty of a few of those egotistic touches which give an added charm to autobiographical writing.

Even of her early days we are told little, save with reference to the stage. But she was on the boards before she could tread them, at the age of three months, as a baby

concealed in a hamper of New Year gifts, in order to soften the heart of an obdurate grandfather, whose daughter had married against his will. But when only three years old she began to play spoken parts, and was soon a recognised and most popular member of the strolling company to which her parents belonged. At twelve she was enrolled in the more famous troupe of Giuseppe Moncalvo as leading *soubrette* and *ingénue*; and at fourteen she made so great a hit in the *title-rôle* of "Francesca da Rimini" as to be offered the following year a permanent engagement, at a good salary as *prima donna assoluta*. Fortunately, the elder Ristori was too sagacious to expose his child to so premature an ordeal, and chose for her the less arduous post of *ingénue* in the Royal Sardinian Company, which was stationary in Turin for many months of the year, and which comprised several excellent artists. Here, in fact, Adelaide Ristori received her first serious lessons in dramatic art, and at eighteen she was acknowledged throughout Italy as a first-class tragedian. But she had had to work very hard and fight her way through many discouragements. One manager was so delighted with her comic parts that he did his best to crush her aspirations, and told her point blank that she would never succeed in tragedy.

One would like to hear the lady's own account of the romantic incidents of Marchese del Grillo's courtship, and the troublous course of the pretty love tale; but all this is passed over with a word. They were married, the union proved exceptionally happy, and after two or three years the Marchesa resolved to retire into private life. The stage was rapidly declining under the jealous censorship of the then rulers of Italy, and the young artist felt paralysed, she tells us, by the constraint imposed by absurd and innumerable prohibitions. The word *Patria* was of course tabooed; and God, angel, devil were equally forbidden. During the pontificate of Gregory XVI. no stage character might bear the name of Gregory, nor was that of Pio permitted under his successor. One Austrian censor at Verona even pushed his zeal to the extent of changing the innocent words "bel cielo d'Italia" to "bel cielo del Lombardo-Veneto."

M^{me}. Ristori, however, loved her art too well to be able to live long without it while too young to need repose, and soon resumed her career. Then a bright idea struck her. Why not go abroad and show the world that at least art still survived in dead Italy? With characteristic energy she planned a campaign in France, overcame every difficulty, and, on May 22, 1855, appeared before the Parisian public in Pellico's "Francesca da Rimini." She was most favourably received; but her full powers were only revealed by her performance of Myrrha. Then all Paris fell at her feet. She went on from triumph to triumph, and added a wreath of roses to her tragic bays by her brilliant comedy in Giraud's "Gelosi Fortunati" and the "Locandiera" of Goldoni.

"Ce n'est pas joué, c'est vécu," wrote Méry; and Gautier, Janin, Alexandre Dumas, and George Sand were all enthusiastic in praise of the Italian tragedian. Rachel stood sullenly aloof, repulsed the friendly advances of this foreign invader, refused to meet her, and was

only sufficiently conquered by the latter's sincere and openly expressed admiration to at last send her indirectly a box for "Phèdre." There is an anecdote of Alexandre Dumas père that depicts that genial personage to the life. He could think and talk of nothing but La Ristori; and, knocking up against a friend one night, as he left the theatre after a performance of "Myrrha," he enthusiastically exclaimed:

"Well! What do you think of her?" "Of whom?" "Of Ristori. You have just seen her, haven't you?" "No! I have never seen her at all." "What! And you are not ashamed? You can still live?" And, after a frantic torrent of eulogy, he left his friend, declaiming: "If you don't go to hear that woman, I'll never look at you again."

A few days later he again met his friend in the street, and instantly asked:

"Well! What have you seen her in?" "Oh, don't bother!" replied the irritated man. "One hasn't got six francs always in one's purse, and I'm not yet reduced to the trade of a *claqueur*." "Here's six francs. I'll give them to you, and then you can clap her freely."

But the friend went off in a huff, so Dumas flung the francs on the pavement, and shouting—

"If you don't want the money, it may stay here for the first beggar that comes this way,"

vanished round the corner. The friend went on a few steps, then stopped and said to himself:

"After all six francs is not much, and I could soon pay them back, and whoever sees them on the ground will be sure to say—'Since some fool has dropped them, let them go into my pocket.'"

Hurrying back to pick them up, he found himself face to face with Dumas, who had returned for the same purpose. Thereupon both roared with laughter, and the untheatrical friend pledged his word to go and see La Ristori.

But of all the incidents of her career, that on which the actress dwells with most delight is her saving a man's life in Spain. A young soldier was condemned to death for striking a superior under gross provocation. All Madrid was stirred in his cause, but all intercession had failed. The night before the execution, Ristori was dressing for Medea, when a deputation came to pray her to intercede with the queen. Her majesty was coming to the theatre, would certainly give her audience, and as certainly grant her request. After some natural hesitation and dismay, the kind actress undertook the task; but for the details of the truly dramatic scene it is best to refer the reader to her book. Suffice to say that the prisoner's sentence was commuted to imprisonment for life, afterwards, and also at Ristori's prayer, reduced to a short term; and that she subsequently obtained his full pardon. Meanwhile, on her second visit to Spain, she went to see the poor fellow in prison, and learnt that he was an excellent young man and well worthy of her efforts in his favour. Here would be a subject for Mr. John Sargent's brush! The whitewashed court of a Spanish prison, M^{me}. Ristori at the head of the steps, with the commandant on one side, her grateful *protégé* on the other, and rows of convicts

kneeling and bare-headed, waiting to do her homage as she passed!

Deeds such as this rescue of a human life remain to bear fruit when stage mimicry is forgotten and the beautiful face and thrilling tones of the tragedy queen shall be among the vanished things of the past. For memory already plays us strange tricks, and side by side with the remembrance of the artist's grand rendering of Lady Macbeth, there arises in the mind of the present writer a comical vision of the twirling plaid kilt worn by the very inadequate representative of the historically kiltless Thane.

The fascination of Ristori's personal reminiscences has, however, detained us too long over the lesser half of her book. The rest of it consists of analytical studies of all her chief parts. These have a distinct literary and dramatic value of their own; and, if lacking in the dainty charm of Lady Martin's similar work, they attest the fine intelligence with which Ristori dissected the characters she portrayed. It is specially interesting to see how on the stern, bare framework of Alfieri's Myrrha she built up the pathetic figure struggling with all the force of maiden purity against the unholy passion inflicted by the vengeance of an offended goddess. Let daring aspirants to dramatic fame take these studies to heart, and learn with what earnestness the muse of tragedy must be wooed.

L. VILLARI.

The Universal Christ, and other Sermons. By Charles Beard. (Williams & Norgate.)

SOME time ago in reviewing a volume of sermons I took occasion to animadvert on the growing custom of naming a whole series by the title—generally striking, if not sensational—of a single one to which the others may have but a lax and remote relation. No doubt there may sometimes be a difficulty in finding titles of sermon collections which shall be at one and the same time calculated to arrest attention and fairly descriptive of the whole contents of the volume. But surely the expenditure of a little consideration and dexterity would suffice to meet most such difficulties. The resources of the English language and its biblical and theological terminology are not yet so exhausted that no common class-name can be found for a series of pulpit utterances, dealing as they mostly do with kindred themes, and approaching them from a similar standpoint.

Mrs. Beard, however, has been fortunate—or her publishers on her behalf—in selecting a title which, though nominally restricted to the first sermon in this collection of her late husband's discourses, applies with considerable felicity to all the rest. The secret of her success is obvious. She has chosen as the leading sermon one which, while calculated to represent the tone and spirit of the whole, is preeminently typical of the author's mode of thought, and claims a noteworthy and attractive title. Probably it would not be easy to find a formula which would describe with greater accuracy Dr. Beard's standpoint with reference to Christianity than that of "the Universal Christ." The phrase is further likely to arrest attention from its novelty. It indicates a conception of Christ which is not put in the forefront of the

doctrinal schemes and creeds of most Christian churches. Not that it really bears that alien aspect to genuine Christianity which superficial thinkers might suppose; on the contrary, it represents its most characteristic and essential feature. The bare notion of Christ as the embodiment of truth and righteousness of itself suggests a universalism more generous and comprehensive than the boasted catholicity of ecclesiasticism. We find it underlying the whole course of church history. Announced fully in the gospels, especially in that of St. John, it becomes allied with, even if it did not suggest, the doctrine of the pre-existence of Christ. It was taught by all the more farseeing among the early fathers, especially by those whose Christian insight and intuition were stimulated by Greek metaphysics—e.g., the Alexandrians. Even Augustine has asserted it in more than one place—e.g., "Omne Verum ab illo est qui ait *Ego sum veritas*," though it is difficult to suppose that he divined its full import. In the Middle Ages the purport of such a universalism found an expression among the freer thinkers of the Schoolmen by the supposed distinction of "explicit and implicit faith," of which on its objective side "the covenanted and uncovenanted mercies" of Calvinism was a characteristically cold and mean travesty. Campanella expanded the Universalism of Christ so as to include all forms of scientific truth. His noble words—

"*Omnia autem Scientia est splendor divinæ Sapientiae, qui est Christus*"

—give us the ultimate form of the doctrine, and present us at the same time with the key to much of the freer thought of the Renaissance. Dr. Beard has indicated later forms of the same conception among Quakers and Anabaptists. His own view of the truth he thus sets forth (p. 3):

"A light that was impersonate only in a single Christ, no matter how brilliant its manifestation, would not be the true light. It must be the source of all illumination that men have ever received—the single sun of the spiritual sky. . . . When a man has once learned to believe and say that Christ was strength, purity, goodness, he will not think it much if another inverts the phrase, and whenever he sees strength, purity, goodness, calls them Christ."

But, although this universalism may be regarded as a leading feature of this remarkable volume, as it was a primary article of Dr. Beard's creed, it would be a mistake to infer that he had the least sympathy with the sentimentality—at once blind and vague—which places Christianity on the level of other religious beliefs. No advocate of traditionalism—setting aside unmeaning or intangible distinctions—could assert the superiority of Christ to all other religious teachers more fully than Dr. Beard was wont to do. In proof of this, and as representing the complementary thought to that given in the above quotations, we call a short extract from his sermon on All Saints Day (p. 154). Speaking of Epictetus and Marcus Aurelius, he says:

"Though I may be wrong, it is only by an arbitrary extension of the term saint that I could apply it to them. I should have to call them philosophic saints or pagan saints, to distinguish the quality of their goodness. For holiness differs from virtue, from goodness, from

excellence, from any other word which denotes an approach to human perfectness, precisely in this that it tacitly involves the relation of the soul to a living God."

I am sorry I cannot find space for the whole passage, both because it is conceived and expressed in the loftiest strain of Christian culture and eloquence, and also because it is so characteristic of the author and of his high spiritual and religious standpoint. I must content myself by referring my readers to the volume in which it is only one eloquent passage out of many.

Another marked feature of Dr. Beard's teaching, which also finds expression in this volume, is his keen insight in detecting phases of religious truth in nature, history, the problems of social life, &c., and his rare power of transmuting them into lessons of human trust and conduct. His sermons on "The Indian's Grave" (iii.), on "Great Cities" (vii.), on "A Parable of Auvergne" (xii.), and "A Parable of Florence" (xix.), manifest this faculty in a sufficiently striking manner. He seems to have shared the intellectual susceptibility and many-sided culture of Dean Stanley, and like him to have aimed at transforming all the suggestions of his travel, as of his reading, into pulpit material. His sermons are thus not theological monologues and doctrinal dissertations. They do not discuss themes lying outside the present-day interests and pursuits of their hearers. On the contrary, they are instinct with the very life-blood of the thought, speculation, and generally multiform energies amid whose throbs and currents our actual lives are led.

There are other characteristics of this interesting volume to which I should have been glad to call attention had my space been unlimited. I must, however, note one distinctive quality of Dr. Beard's sermons for the sake of its rarity. He wholly avoids the besetting sin of most pulpit orators—of overstraining his argument. It would almost seem—so careful is he in marking the legitimate bounds of his reasoning—as if he would have ranked "the drawing out the thread of his discourse finer than the staple of his argument" in the light of an offence against veracity. However useful a conclusion or sentiment may be, however much its acceptance may contribute to human happiness or harmonise with his own opinion, he never insists upon more than just those premisses and bases which may reasonably and honestly be alleged on its behalf.

On the whole, I have no hesitation in pronouncing this volume of sermons to be a collection of remarkable excellence, though this will, I fear, seem to be but lukewarm praise to those who had the pleasure of Dr. Beard's acquaintance, and who will therefore have known from other sources how inevitably such excellence must have characterised discourses to which he devoted the best powers of his intellect. It seems to me that in certain points, notably in clearness and simplicity of style, in artistic modelling not only of the theme but of each of its parts, in the complete blending of the intellect of the philosopher with the emotion of the religious teacher, this volume stands somewhat higher than any of his preceding works. I may be mistaken, but I believe I can discern a growth in these respects, as there undoubtedly is in

the calm equable tone, the ripe mellowed serenity of his exposition, during the ten years that have elapsed since his last collection of sermons (*The Soul's Way to God*) was published. His imagination also appears to have acquired greater depth and fervour; and if his emotion seems more restrained and chastened in its expression, as I think it does, this really adds to its intensity. A man of warm feelings and strong convictions, Dr. Beard's preponderant quality was his intellectual vigour. It was impossible for him to manifest any passion excepting in the guise of sweet reasonableness.

The "In Memoriam" character of this volume is doubtless known to readers of the ACADEMY. How well it is adapted to subserve this function may be gathered from what I have advanced. A more befitting tribute to the memory of a great religious thinker and teacher than this collection of thoughtful and eloquent sermons it would be difficult to conceive. All readers—and they will certainly include all who believe in the healthy union of philosophic culture with rational Christianity—will thank Mrs. Beard for the volume, which, together with his other written works, is destined, I trust, to keep his memory alive as a Christian teacher, a thinker of rare power and invincible sincerity, and, in the other and more general phases of his character, a pre-eminently cultured, wise, God-fearing man.

JOHN OWEN.

NEW NOVELS.

This Mortal Coil. By Grant Allen. In 3 vols. (Chatto & Windus.)

Orthodox. By Dorothea Gerard. (Longmans.)

Philip Mordant's Ward. By Marianne Kent. (Warne.)

Gerald Grantley's Revenge. By Mark Tanner, M.D. (Author's Alliance.)

A Moral Bigamist: a Story of Ourselves in India. (Sonnenschein.)

Deb and the Duchess. By L. T. Meade. (Hatchards.)

Records of a Stormy Life. By Mrs. Houston. (Spencer Blackett.)

It is perhaps a trivial matter to comment upon, but it seems a pity that Mr. Grant Allen is falling into the habit of giving his novels enigmatical, meaningless, and therefore somewhat tasteless titles. In this matter of names for their stories the great masters of fiction have pronounced in favour of simplicity; and the example of the great masters—the writers of *Tom Jones*, *The Bride of Lammermoor*, *The Newcomes*, *A Tale of Two Cities*, and *The Mill on the Floss*—is worthy to be followed unless good reason can be shown to the contrary. *This Mortal Coil* is a title which, prior to the reading of the book, suggests nothing, and when the book has been read seems to mean nothing; for the quotation from Hamlet's soliloquy would be as appropriate to any story dealing with life and death as it is to the special story which Mr. Grant Allen has to tell. Still, as has been said, this is comparatively a trifle, and would hardly be worth mentioning save as one of two or three indications that the

author is yielding to a temptation to appeal to a class of readers which is attracted by somewhat meretricious baits, and upon which such really fine artistic workmanship as that of the first volume of his early novel *Babylon* would be lost. Another sign of the same lapse is that Mr. Grant Allen is devoting himself more and more to a rather slap-dash portraiture of villains of the old melodramatic non-human type. Such a villain occupied the place of honour, or dishonour, in *The Devil's Die*; such another villain occupies the same place in *This Mortal Coil*; and it is difficult to say whether Dr. Chichele, the scoundrel who is a man of science, or Hugh Massinger, the scoundrel who is a man of letters, be the more undesirable acquaintance. Perhaps the palm must be awarded to the doctor, for the simple reason that he is made a little more credible and realisable than the aesthetic poet. We doubt whether a man so utterly unprincipled as was Hugh Massinger ever avowed so frankly his lack of principle, and we are quite sure that such avowal would have roused in a noble-natured fellow like Warren Relf only a feeling of instinctive aversion. Of course, even so deeply-dyed a scoundrel might have deceived his betters as to his true character, but for such deception some simulation of nobleness or disinterestedness is surely necessary; and, except in his performance of the very easy task of persuading Winifred Meysey that he is in love with her and not with her money, Hugh Massinger is more parsimonious of such necessary simulation than any villain we have ever met with. When he does in earnest "practise to deceive" nothing could well be more insanely purposeless than his deception. When Elsie, driven to despair by his faithlessness, throws herself into the water, there is absolutely no evidence to connect Massinger with her disappearance; and yet he deliberately concocts evidence which, in the event of certain by no means improbable contingencies, must work his utter ruin. The portrait of Massinger the poet is more truthful and artistic than the portrait of Massinger the man. The artificial imitative singer has a certain belief in himself, but it is only a half-belief; and when his disillusioned wife tells him the truth about his empty verses it irritates him beyond measure, because he has just enough insight to feel "in his bones" that it is the truth. All this part of the book is clever—indeed, Mr. Grant Allen never writes a book which is not clever somewhere; but, on the whole, *This Mortal Coil*, in spite of its good writing, seems to me scarcely worthy of its author's antecedents.

Most of us have read with considerable interest and admiration those notable novels *Robert Elsmere* and *John Ward, Preacher*; and many of us have come to the conclusion that, notwithstanding our admiration, we have had, for the time being, enough of controversial theology in fiction. It may, therefore, be well to say at the outset that *Orthodox* is not a theological novel. There is not a word in it about Anglicanism, or Calvinism, or Positivism, or any of the "isms" we are always discussing and "getting no forrader." The title refers to Jewish, not Christian divisions; and most of the principal personages in Mrs. Gerard's story belong to the orthodox—that is, violently and narrowly conservative—

section of the Jews in Poland. To say that Mrs. Gerard is not enamoured of the characteristics of the Hebrew race—at any rate, as such characteristics are exhibited in the country of which she writes—is to speak very mildly. She is certainly not an adherent of the *cultus* which George Eliot endeavoured to originate; and one inclines to think that the dark colours must be laid on with too big a brush, though it is certain that the Hebrew nature, especially in a country where the Jew has no experience save of persecution and contempt, has a side much less winning than that presented to us in the pages of *Daniel Deronda*. *Orthodox* is an unrelievedly sad book. It is too sad for pleasure; but it has great beauty as well as great sadness, and it is impossible that any reader should remain unmoved by its sombre power. It is more painful than anything else we have had from Mrs. Gerard's pen; it is also more impressive. The character of Salome Marmorstein is a real creation, not merely in the sense of being endowed with recognisable life, but in the rarer sense of being an altogether new figure in the world of imagination—a stamped portrait struck from a freshly engraved and hitherto unused die. There is something profoundly tragical in the story of the poor girl's first and only love—the love which is strong enough to stand against everything except the pressure of that heavy atmosphere of tribal and religious bigotry, exclusiveness, and hatred in which she has lived, and moved, and had her being. Admire as we will—and to withhold admiration is out of the question—we cannot but feel that *Orthodox* is a cruel book; that there is something too relentlessly harrowing in the story of the winding of the web of dissimulation and treachery round the girl, whose face we see for the last time with the terrible look of despair upon it when her too-confiding lover suffers her to be led outside the door of the protecting convent. In this scene the dramatic interest of the book reaches a really magnificent climax. It is a scene which, presented on the stage, would be profoundly impressive; and, indeed, the story as a whole seems one that would lend itself very readily to the purely dramatic form of treatment. Tragic as the book is, the needful element of relieving comedy is provided by the wily, keen-sighted, bargain-driving little schemer, Surchen Marmorstein.

Such a novel as that last noticed is apt—like one of Turner's flaming sunsets—to kill any other work of art in its immediate vicinity. After the perusal of *Orthodox* the reader is likely to find any ordinary story rather thin and colourless, and to be unjust accordingly. It would be a pity if *Philip Mordant's Ward* were subjected to such injustice; for though, as the colloquial phrase has it, there may be "not much in it," what there is is decidedly pleasant and praiseworthy, to say nothing of the fact that it has the one agreeable quality of cheerfulness, which Mrs. Gerard's book certainly lacks. There are some sad pages even here, but the concluding chapter leaves us comfortable; and all's well that ends well. The motive of the novel is simple and yet unhackneyed. Mrs. Carthew has been left a wealthy widow with one daughter. Twenty-five years before the time when the story begins she has been sought in marriage by Philip Mordant. She

has rejected him and has chosen Major Carthew, only to find, after marriage, that the major has loved her fortune not herself. When we make her acquaintance she is dying of consumption; and, knowing that her days are numbered, she summons her old lover to her side and asks him to undertake the guardianship of her daughter Ella. One condition only is attached to the trust. Mrs. Carthew is devoured by a morbid fear that Ella, like herself, may fall a victim to a mere fortune hunter: and she stipulates that if the girl is received into Philip Mordant's house as his ward and the companion of his two motherless daughters, the fact that she is an heiress shall be strictly concealed, and she shall appear before everyone, the daughters included, as a mere pensioner on his bounty. The quick-minded reader will see that here is an opening for some promising complications, and these complications provide materials for a very interesting and well-told story. Miss Kant's villain is a little conventional, as the villains of fiction are wont to be; but elsewhere she has a good eye for character, and her treatment of incident is brisk and vicious.

There is something of briskness, too, in Dr. Tanner's story; but the briskness being frankly admitted, it cannot be said that *Gerald Grantley's Revenge* has many other merits, though it is no worse than various other novels which live out their little lives on Mr. Mudie's shelves. The book is a tale of soldiering, sport, and intrigue in India, and bears a strong likeness to innumerable other members of the literary family to which it belongs. Its only novelty is a somewhat startling surprise which Dr. Tanner provides for his readers. At the opening of the story we are introduced to a certain Capt. Lowe, who heroically saves the life of Gerald Grantley, and who is, generally speaking, a *fidus Achates* and a reproachless Bayard in one. All at once, without any warning, the captain reveals himself as a blackleg and a scoundrel. He attempts to doctor his friend's horse, and succeeds in running away with his friend's fiancée; and he is the victim of the hero's magnanimous revenge, which consists in providing for Lowe's widow, after the very objectionable person, Lowe himself, has been dispatched by a tigress. The book is not exactly a reflection in a mirror held up to nature; but, then, the ordinary novel of the present hardly professes to reflect nature. It only reflects the ordinary novels of the past; and, in passing through successive mirrors, nature—to use a Fuller-like quip—loses her nature.

A Moral Bigamist resembles Dr. Tanner's novel in being an Indian story. It also resembles it in being flat and trivial. It differs from it in being as unwholesome as its silly title would lead us to expect it to be. In the concluding chapter the anonymous author provides us with a novelty in the shape of a review of his own work, which, with remarkable candour and truthfulness, he describes as "unpleasant reading." Even the author has little to say in praise of any of his characters but one, who, he tells us, is "always charming," and then goes on to declare that "it is she who redeems the book,

and makes it readable." This charming redeeming creature is in intent, though not in act, a vulgar adulteress, with no possible excuse for her sin except the excuse that her husband spends a good deal of time away from her, working to keep her in comfort and luxury. He is certainly an eccentric man, for he names his child after the scoundrel whom he knows to have been his wife's would-be seducer; but this extraordinary freak harmonises well with the rest of a thoroughly repulsive and worthless story.

We have heard a good deal about literary poetry; and, as we all know what it means, the critic is, perhaps, not guilty of unpardonable obscurity in describing Deb and her boy and girl companions as literary children. *Deb and the Duchess* is a very pretty and graceful story—probably Miss Meade could not write a story that was not pretty and graceful; but, to say that its youthful characters bear any but the most shadowy resemblance to the real thing, is impossible. Both Deb's babyishness and precociousness lack the touch of nature; and what is true of her is true of Mike and of all the other children in the book. I have discovered, however, that some real live children enjoy the story, and find no fault with it; and, as it is evidently written for such readers, senior critics may do well to withhold carping objections which might in their sweep include Dickens as well as Miss Meade.

Records of a Stormy Life seems to be a reprint. If this be so, it was probably noticed in the ACADEMY at the time of its original publication. It will suffice, therefore, to say now that it is a fair specimen of Mrs. Houston's always capable work.

JAMES ASHCROFT NOBLE.

SOME BOOKS ON ANCIENT HISTORY.

A History of Greece. By Evelyn Abbott. Part I. (Rivingtons.) We should welcome, as a real literary event, the appearance of the first instalment of an independent history of Greece upon a large scale by an English author, were it not for the uncomfortable statement in the preface that "in a second part the history will be brought down to the end of the Peloponnesian War." If Mr. Abbott really means to go no further than that, he will be disappointing the public, both lay and learned, which wants a complete history of at least the whole period of Greek independence, and will be leaving unemployed the gifts of research and of exposition in history which the present volume shows him to possess. Why should Epaminondas and Alexander be thus left out of the gallery of historical portraits which is opened to English readers? Why should the Achaean League, with its manifold points of interest for our century, be undescribed? If it be interesting and instructive to see how Greece dealt with conquering Persia, surely something may be learnt from seeing how she dealt with Persia conquered. If the successful struggle with Darius and Xerxes be worth telling and retelling, why should we not also look to learn something from the unsuccessful struggles against Philip II. and against Mummus? Cutting any history into small pieces has little to recommend it; and the attempt to cut up Greek history should be most stoutly resisted. As the affairs of Greek states become more interwoven, and the course of important events more confined to a single theatre, Mr. Abbott would probably find the story easier to tell,

and to tell in an interesting way. In the first volume, where a number of disconnected traditions have to be followed down to the meeting-place at which national feeling is called out by the Persian War, he has given us a most careful survey, with sound criticism; but it is not a survey which will appeal strongly to the public. The perhaps inevitable distraction of turning from Lakonia to Attica, from Arkadia to Egypt, has prevented him from drawing an outline firm enough for a history which shall be, in the best sense, popular. There is something to be found in the volume on all topics. It is exhaustive in its recognition of subjects, but its thread is broken too often. On two points only does Mr. Abbott leave us in doubt as to his exact meaning. About the evidence of "Homer," even on points of usage, he is sceptical. But we cannot make out whether he has considered the possibility of two eras of civilisation in Greece—one an Achaean period to which Homer belongs; the other the historical period; and the two interrupted or cut apart by an inroad of comparatively barbarian Greeks, probably the Dorians, who presently took to themselves the civilisation on which at first they warred, and redeveloped it with some new features. The former age may have outgrown the ideas of ceremonial purification from bloodshed and of ancestor-worship; the latter retained them. We know that there was an inroad of mountain tribes; why may it not have been this agency which sundered the civilisation of Homer from that of Solon? But then how did Attica stand to the change? It would be hard to say; but the question brings us to the second point on which the author's meaning is not plain. How far does he think that Attica was ever conquered? That country, he says on p. 280, was never "conquered as Lakonia, Argos, and Thessaly were conquered." But p. 281 lays down that "the union of Attica was due to an incursion of Ionians from the south," and p. 284, that "when the country was conquered, each family settled on the plot which it had secured." But, after all, it is no harder to find out the mind of Mr. Abbott than the mind of Thucydides, who used the strange word *ἀνακταστος*, apparently to mean "free from foreign conquest." And if we have pointed out the weak places in Mr. Abbott's treatment of his group of subjects, he will, we hope, forgive us when he sees our anxiety to have a very valuable and serious study not shorn of its completeness, but carried to its natural end.

The Catacombs of Rome and their Testimony relative to Primitive Christianity. By the Rev. W. H. Withrow. (Hodder & Stoughton.) Mr. Withrow's confession of the somewhat polemical character of portions of this book caused us at the outset feelings of trepidation which, we are bound to say, were not well grounded. A gentler book of controversy it would be difficult to find. In the Christian inscriptions, says Mr. Withrow, "no word of bitterness even toward persecutors is to be found," and he seems to have copied this excellent spirit. Moreover, the greater part of the volume is not controversial, but merely descriptive, and very good description too. Those readers who have prowled through the dusty galleries of a catacomb with a candle or a piece of magnesium wire will be glad to have their impressions so agreeably revived, and those who have never visited Rome will find here a very handy and well-illustrated manual of information. Occasionally, it is true, we come across something which betrays imperfect acquaintance with the language of the Christian inscriptions or with Roman usage. A *magister ludi* is not likely to have been "master of the games" (p. 460) or a *procurator munerum* "procurator of the presents" (p. 419). These things, however,

only show that writers who deal with the later stages of epigraphy or of Roman customs ought also to be familiar with the earlier stages. But it is a more serious question how far the "latest results of exploration" can really be looked for in a book which speaks of Pius IX. as "the present pontiff," and of which a part at least (see p. 552) must have been written earlier than September 1870.

Etude sur Quinte Curce. Par S. Dosson (Paris: Hachette.) The mystery which hangs over the date and the person of Quintus Curtius—a mystery which it does not seem possible entirely to remove—has provoked many attempts at solution, and the Curtius-literature is of a very considerable amount. Of this literature, M. Dosson (whose own edition of Quintus Curtius appeared in 1884) has taken pains to make himself master, and he now puts before the world his summary of the little that is known and the much that is conjectured. It would, however, be a mistake to regard his essay as a mere compilation. Going carefully through other people's arguments, he has become entitled to put forward views of his own. This he does with modesty, and he generally gives the reader an opportunity of checking his conclusions, and of seeing on what grounds they are formed. After a chapter in which he discusses the silence of ancient writers with regard to Quintus Curtius, and points out how rarely one author did refer to another by name, he proceeds on grounds of style and of other evidence to decide that his author must have lived under Caligula and Claudius. Herein he is on firm ground. The character of the Latin will not readily lend itself either to the age of Augustus or to any much later date; and the evidence of this sort, which is naturally cumulative, he strengthens by a patient building up of point upon point. The famous passage in x. 9. 1 suits the accession of Claudius, and it would be out of date if published late in his reign. The work was, therefore, published about A.D. 42. The probability here is perhaps as strong as we can expect; but M. Dosson is not equally successful in showing that Quintus Curtius was identical with the consul of Tac. A. 11.21. It is possible that he was so. Perhaps it is more probable than that he was the Quintus Curtius Rufus of Suetonius; but nothing is really gained by being very beyond what is written. After a curious chapter on Alexander the Great and the Romans, showing how such a book might well be written at such a time, we come to an appreciation of Quintus Curtius as a historian and as a writer. M. Dosson admits that if Livy was the Virgil of history, Quintus Curtius was its Lucan; but still he holds that Curtius meant to write a history, not a *roman*; that he studied authorities for himself, and decided for himself on their value. He was not a blind copier of any one authority; and, as we should expect of a man who paid so marked attention to style and to picturesqueness, he took from all sources what would work well into his book. Unfortunately he was a bit of a moralist too, and an age with a different taste in comparison finds his reflections hollow and stale. But he does not deserve the contempt which has been poured upon him as a historical writer. M. Dosson has produced a model monograph on such a subject, clearly arranged, and, though learned, very attractive. But what, by the way, was the "mot d'Enée à Néoptolème" in Virgil? We can remember none.

Der Præfectus Fabrum. Von H. C. Maué. (Halle: Niemeyer; London: Nutt.) This is one of those special studies upon which future historians will have to build, but which have only been made possible by the publication of the Corpus of Latin Inscriptions. There has never yet been published, we believe, any full account of the attitude of the

Roman emperors toward the right of association; but the inscriptions, duly worked up by men like Dr. Maué, will make such an account possible. That *præfecti fabrum* have anything to do with associations will not readily be acknowledged by everyone. But all must admit that there is something wrong in the state of our knowledge when we find Mommsen affirming that the *præfecti fabrum* lost their military character early, while Marquardt makes them commanders of a corps of engineers until Septimius Severus broke up the corps. Dr. Maué argues that there were two kinds of *præfecti fabrum*; the literature only mentions one, but the inscriptions prove the existence of the other. As to (1) those who served with proconsuls or praetors, they cannot have been really engineer officers; for not all of them would, under the empire, have any troops to command, and the very existence of a special corps of *fabri* may be called in question. Caesar, with whom was M. Murra as *præfectus fabrum*, used his legionaries for all his military works. The *præfecti fabrum* were really confidential men, not specially military (L. Aemilius Secundus says of himself that he was *præfectus fabrum ante militiam*), but told off to any important piece of work. But then, whence the name? This is a difficulty, as Dr. Maué allows. Next he goes on to argue, following hints thrown out by Forcellini and Hagenbuch, but neglected since, that there was (2) a very different class of *præfecti fabrum*, connected with the *collegia fabrum* (and perhaps with the *centenarii* and *dendrophori* too) which are mentioned in the inscriptions of many Italian and provincial towns. It cannot be an accident that we have titles of so many *præfecti fabrum* just from the towns whence we also have inscriptions of *collegia*. They must have been appointed by the emperor to watch and control the semi-military organisation of the *fabri*, the firemen of the time. Though these associations (*quibus senatus coire permisit*) were authorised by law, they might be dangerous, as Trajan thought about the firemen of Nicomedia, and as Aurelian found that the organised *monetarii* of Rome actually were. The persons appointed would naturally be expected to be loyal, and to have given proofs of attachment to the constitution. Hence, perhaps, it is that in 248 inscriptions of *præfecti fabrum* we find forty-two men who had been *flamines* of the emperors or had filled some similar post. All this hangs well together, but we cannot quite get over the difficulty that there were also special *præfecti collegii fabrum*, who cannot possibly be identified with the *præfecti fabrum*. The former are sometimes found without the latter, and we cannot see our way clearly to distinguishing the functions.

Alexandre d'Abonotichos. Par Frantz Cumont. (Bruxelles: Hayez.) Few chapters of the history of paganism are so piquant as that in which Lucian tells, with the irony of a sceptic and the zest of a personal enemy, how in the enlightened age of the Antonines a vulgar magician passed himself off as the son and the agent of a demi-god, was consulted by an emperor, and married his daughter to a Roman consular. The imperfect connexion then existing between religion and morality showed itself in the fact that he could enjoy the favours of numerous married ladies, and could venture to attempt the murder of Lucian himself. The husbands were gratified by the honour, and the governor of the province was afraid to avenge the outrage. The sacred snake, with its mask of linen, was to the false prophet Alexander all (and more) than the hind was to Sertorius. It warranted his divine nature, and the worship of it or of its successors outlasted the impostor's lifetime. All this curious story M. Cumont tells anew, and he illustrates and confirms it by the evidence of gems and

inscriptions. It is remarkable that the name and *cursus honorum* of Rutilianus, the son-in-law of Alexander and of the Moon, should have come down to us independently of Lucian, and that even Lepidus, one of Alexander's opponents in Asia, should (probably) be traceable in an inscription from Amastris. M. Cumont has also taken pains to point out in what respects the cult of Glykon, the sacred snake, differed from the ordinary rites paid to Aesculapius, of whom Glykon was held to be an incarnation, and how careless an innovator Alexander was upon the ordinary forms under which oracles were delivered. But surely he is mistaken in saying that the name of M. Antonius Onesas, who has left behind him a little dedication to Glykon, shows him to have been a freedman of Antoninus Pius. This confounds Antonius and Antoninus; and, after all, he only appears on the inscribed stone as M. Ant. Onesas. The expansion of the name must be M. Cumont's own doing.

NOTES AND NEWS.

SIR RICHARD BURTON has this week left England, in order to spend the winter on the Lake of Geneva. Before starting, he passed all the proofs of the final volume of his "Supplemental Nights," which will be issued very shortly to subscribers.

MR. GRANT ALLEN has also been compelled, by the approach of the cold weather, to leave England. He goes direct to the Italian lakes, and thence to Florence for November, spending the remainder of the winter on the Riviera.

MESSRS. BENTLEY will publish immediately the *Life and Letters of Mary Wollstonecraft Shelley*, from family papers in the possession of Sir Percy Shelley, by Mrs. Julian Marshall. The work will be in two volumes, with a portrait.

DR. BIRKBECK HILL, the editor of *Boswell*, has nearly ready for publication through the Clarendon Press a collection of letters from David Hume to William Strahan hitherto unpublished. In the preface he recounts the circumstances under which Lord Rosebery purchased the originals, when the authorities of the Bodleian and of the British Museum had declined them. A life of Hume is prefixed, and the letters have been fully annotated.

MR. JOHN MURRAY announces two books by Janet Ross (*née* Duff Gordon). One is entitled *Three Generations of English Women*; or, *The Memoirs and Correspondence of Mrs. John Taylor, Mrs. Sarah Austin, and Lady Duff Gordon*; the other is *The Land of Manfred*: Picturesque Excursions in Apulia and other little visited Parts of Southern Italy, with special reference to their historical associations.

SIR CHAS. WILSON has written a new introduction to his *Jerusalem, the Holy City*, which will be published very shortly. The volume contains about eighty wood engravings, and four steel plates.

THE short stories by Mr. Andrew Lang and M. Paul Sylvester, which Messrs. Sonnenschein have in the press, are taken from French originals—not German, as was originally announced. The volume will contain *nouvelles* by Gautier, About, Mérimée, Tolstoy, Guy de Maupassant, and others. The large paper edition will be limited to fifty copies.

MESSRS. CASSELL will issue next month the fourth volume of Prof. Henry Morley's *English Writers*, dealing with Chaucer and the literature of the fourteenth century. As Prof. Morley has determined to devote himself henceforth more entirely to this great work, he hopes to publish two volumes regularly each year until it is finished.

THE next volume to appear in the "Parchment Library" will be Carlyle's *Sartor Resartus*.

MR. GEORGE MANVILLE FENN'S *Commodore Junk*—an adventure story dealing with buccaneering life on the West Indian Main in the days of George I.—will be published by Messrs. Cassell & Co. on October 29.

AMONG books of travel, Messrs. Sampson Low announce *The Kingdom of Georgia*; being Notes of Travel in a Land of Women, Wine, and Song, to which are appended historical, literary, and political sketches, specimens of the national music, and a compendious bibliography. The author is Mr. Oliver Wardrop. The book will be illustrated with a map and numerous engravings.

MESSRS. BLACKWOOD have in the press *Hindu-Koh: Wanderings and Wild Sport* on and beyond the Himalaya, by Major-General Donald MacIntyre, V.C., late of the Prince of Wales's Own Goorkhas. The volume will be illustrated.

MR. E. BELFORD BAX has in preparation a companion volume to his *Religion of Socialism*, entitled *The Ethics of Socialism*, in which he discusses ethical questions from a new standpoint. Messrs. Sonnenschein will be the publishers.

M. JULES VERNE will give us this Christmas two illustrated books of adventure—*Adrift in the Pacific*; and *The Flight to France*; or, the Memoirs of a Dragoon in the Days of Dumouriez.

MESSRS. TRÜBNER & Co. have ready for immediate publication *The Narrative of the Holy Bible*, by Miss Emily Marion Harris, the author of "Estelle" and other works. The proofs have been revised by the Rev. Dr. Gaster, and the book is dedicated to the children of Baron Leopold Rothschild.

Remarkable Sayings of Remarkable Queens, by Miss Eleanor F. Cobby, author of "Victoria Regina," is announced by Mr. Elliot Stock as nearly ready for publication.

ALDERMAN JOHN SYMONS, of Hull, has ready for the press a series of local historical papers.

THE Early English Text Society has nearly ready its last three books for this year: in the Original Series, Dr. H. Logeman's *Rule of St. Benet*, with Anglo-Saxon Glosses, and Mr. T. Austin's *Two Early Cookery Books*, i. the Harleian MS. 279 (circ. 1430), and ii. the Harleian MS. 4016 (circ. 1450), with a few supplementary recipes; in the Extra Series, Caxton's *Curial*, englished from Alain Chartier, edited by Dr. Furnivall, and collated with its French original by Prof. Paul Meyer, who shows how oddly Caxton often misunderstood Chartier's French.

THE Chaucer Society's Second Series will be ready next week: *Originals and Analogues of the Canterbury Tales*, part v. (completing the volume), Eastern Analogues, ii., by Mr. W. A. Clouston; (2) John Lane's *Continuation of Chaucer's Squire's Tale*, edited by Dr. F. J. Furnivall from the two MSS. in the Bodleian Library, (1616, 1630), part i., the Text and Forewords; and (3) *Supplementary Canterbury Tales: 2, The Tale of Beryn*, part ii., Forewords by Dr. F. J. Furnivall, Notes by F. Vipan, &c., and Glossary by W. G. Stone; with an Essay on Analogues of the Tale, by Mr. W. A. Clouston.

THE Browning Society will commence its eighth session on October 26, when Dr. E. Berdoe will read a paper on "Paracelsus," with the Rev. Mark Wilks in the chair. On November 30 the Bishop of Ripon will address the society. The hon. secretary of the society asks us to state that he has moved from 249

Camden Road to 39 Wolsley Road, Crouch End, N.

MISS AGNES WARD, principal of the Maria Grey Training College, will deliver a course of four lectures on "The History of Education—Rousseau, Pestalozzi, Froebel, Spencer," at the Kensington High School for Girls, on Thursdays during November, at 5 p.m., beginning on November 8.

THE FORTHCOMING MAGAZINES.

THE November number of *Scribner's* will be of more than usual interest. It will contain the promised article, "From Gravelotte to Sedan," by the late General Sheridan, illustrated with the last portrait taken of him, engraved by Kruell; the first instalment of Mr. R. A. Stevenson's historical romance, "The Master of Ballantrae"—concerning which we are informed that the central figures are the two sons of a Scotch laird, Jacobite and Whig; the second of Lester Wallack's "Memories of the Last Fifty Years," dealing with Charles Kean and his wife; and an essay on "Matthew Arnold," by Mr. Augustine Birrell; while Mr. Stevenson's monthly paper will give further reminiscences of his voyages with his father round the north of Scotland, including an account of a descent into the sea in a diving-dress.

MR. HUBERT HALL will open the November number of the *Antiquary* with a paper on "The King's Peace"; the Rev. H. F. Tozer's account of the Byzantine Frescoes and Rock-Hewn Churches in the Terra d'Otranto will be completed; Mr. W. Brailsford will give a description of the Effigy of Richard, Lord Grey de Witton; other papers include "Saint Hilderferth," by Mr. Sparvel-Bayly, and "Sarum" by Mr. Evelyn Redgrave.

AMONG the contents of the *Scottish Review* for October will be "Music in Early Scotland," by J. Cuthbert Hadden; "The Ultimate Fate of Giordano Bruno"; "Jamieson's Dictionary"; "The Romance of Robert Bruce related," and "The Universities Bill," by W. Peterson.

THE Rev. Prof. Church will contribute a serial story to the *Quiver*, which will be commenced in the November part, forming the first of a new volume. The same part will contain a complete story by Annie S. Swann, an interview with the Rev. C. H. Spurgeon, and contributions by the Bishop of Derry, Prof. Blaikie, the Rev. P. B. Power, and the Rev. Gordon Calthorp.

SIR EDWIN LANDSEER'S famous picture of "The Sleeping Bloodhound" will be reproduced in the November number of *Illustrations*.

SIR THEODORE MARTIN will contribute a paper on "Welsh Grievances" to the *Michaelmas* number of *Pump Court*.

THE next issue of *North Country Poets*, edited by Mr. William Andrews, president of the Hull Literary Club, will contain notices of Lord Houghton by Aaron Watson, Sir Henry Taylor by A. J. Symington, William Watson by James Ashcroft Noble, &c.

UNIVERSITY JOTTINGS.

PROF. J. R. SEELEY is lecturing at Cambridge this term on "Europe during the Reign of Frederick the Great."

MR. F. T. PALGRAVE, professor of poetry at Oxford, will not lecture during the present term, on account of family bereavement.

MR. J. H. MIDDLETON, Slade Professor of fine art at Cambridge, has announced a course of lectures for the present term on "Mediaeval

Art in England as applied to Domestic Purposes."

PROF. MARSHALL is delivering two courses of lectures at Cambridge this term: (1) on "Production and Distribution," designed to serve as an introduction to the study of economics, and also to meet the wants of those who desire to obtain only a general knowledge of the relations between capital and labour; (2) on "Economic Theory," primarily designed for advanced students, but secondarily for such as may desire to go straight to the central difficulties of the subject.

MR. J. L. ROGERS, son of the well-known professor of political economy, has been appointed to the vacant chair of mathematics at the Yorkshire College, Leeds.

PROF. P. A. BARNETT, of Firth College, Sheffield, has been appointed principal of the British and Foreign School Society's training college in the Borough Road, London.

THE editorial committee of the *Oxford Review* have joined the staff of the *Oxford Magazine*, which is now, we believe, the only academical paper published at Oxford.

THE number for October 17 contains a somewhat severe review of Mr. Woodgate's *Boating* in the "Badminton Library," signed with the initials G. C. B.; and also a list of freshmen who have come into residence this term. The comparative numbers in the largest colleges will surprise those who have left Oxford even so lately as twenty years ago. New College comes first with 60; then Non-Collegiate (55), Christ Church (54), Balliol (47), Trinity (40), Exeter and Magdalen (each 37), Keble (35).

MR. F. MADAN, sub-librarian of the Bodleian, has printed for private circulation a volume of some 140 pages, containing the records of the Phoenix Common Room—a dining club at Brasenose College, which celebrated its centenary in 1886. Besides a general history of the club, he has given the rules (with their modifications) from the earliest times, and biographical notices of all the members. It is interesting to notice how at the beginning the county families of Cheshire and Lancashire predominate, while towards the end the chief distinctions are those of the river, the cricket-field, and the running-path. Among the members may be noticed the names of Bishop Heber and his brother the bibliophile, Squire Osbaldeston, the father of Lord Selborne, the first Lord Hatherton, two principals of the college, and two living deans. As a conundrum to our readers, we may mention that the first toast given at the dinners of the club, down to the year 1844, was "Our Old Friend."

WE have received the first number of *Critical Studies*, published by the University of Nebraska. First comes a paper on "The Transparency of the Ether," by Mr. DeWitt B. Brace, which concludes as follows:

"Either, then, the universe must be finite; or, if infinite in extent, the average density of distribution of self-luminous bodies outside our own system must be exceedingly small, as otherwise the sky would appear of a uniform brightness, approximating that of the sun."

Next follows a paper by Dr. A. H. Edgren, in which he amplifies the view expressed in his *Sanskrit Grammar* (Trübner, 1884) that the so-called eighth verb-class in Sanskrit has no independent existence; but that the *tan*-verbs form one class with the *su*-verbs, with the present sign-*no*. But the most elaborate article is the last, by Mr. Joseph A. Fontaine, upon "The Auxiliary Verbs in the Romance Languages," which we commend to the notice of Romance philologists. The writer promises to extend his investigations hereafter to the Wallachian, Catalan, Rhaeto-romansh, and other minor dialects.

ORIGINAL VERSE.

TWO SONNETS.

I. Sunrise.

THE crescent morn has set: swart gipsy Night,
With all her retinue of stars, has fled:
The wide-winged kindling east is barred with
red.
Fresh from her ocean couch, engirt with light,
Fair Morning comes, in flowing raiment bright;
Each pouting wavelet lifts its shining head
To greet her, as, with easy graceful tread,
She passes o'er the threshold into sight.
The osprey quits his craggy perch, and sails
In eager quest of food o'er dawn-lit seas.
The thronging fleet of fishing junks, with sails
Let loose, run free before the humming breeze;
Throughout the night they plied their weary toll,
They now return, full-laden with their spoil.

II. Sunset.

The sun sinks slowly in a mist-fed pyre
That flames and glows with tongues of flashing
gold;
The orient sky fast fills with heavy, bold,
Empurpled clouds, their edges fringed with fire;
The league-flung sunset splendours, rising higher
At once from east and west, at length unfold
Both wave and sky; and then, we have unrolled
A scene whose beauties one by one expire.
The fisher gathers up his home-meshed nets,
And westward, o'er the ashen main, he sets
His coarse brown sails. There, down the hill-
side way,
The goatherd with his straggling flock, now wends
His tardy steps: all through the burning day
He clomb the hills, but now he homeward bends.
Hong Kong. T. K. DEALY.

MAGAZINES AND REVIEWS.

A NEW magazine—the *Jewish Quarterly Review*—edited by I. Abrahams and C. G. Montefiore, and published by David Nutt, appeals to the increasingly large public of students of religious thought. Judaism in England, as a rule, is rather practical than philosophic; but there are a few Jewish scholars and theologians who desire to take their part in the great historical inquiries of which the Old Testament is the centre, and at the same time to educate their own special public into an appreciation of Jewish research and thought. These historical inquiries demand a fuller examination of much that lies outside the Old Testament, and it devolves upon Jewish scholars to undertake this in a more critical spirit than was formerly possible. Nor can the expressions of Jewish religious thought which this Review will supply fail to interest Christian readers. We hope that the ambition so modestly and intelligently described by the editors may be realised, and that, though the matter may be scholarly, the form will be in the best sense popular. In spite of the preponderance of German names, we believe that the only continental contribution is that of Prof. Graetz. It was fitting that this should have the place of honour. This acute critic and learned historian discourses in a bright and paradoxical style on "The Significance of Judaism for the Present and Future." To this a subsequent article by S. Schechter (author of a remarkable article on the Talmud in the *Westminster Review*), on "The Dogmas of Judaism" (part i.), supplies in a certain sense a correction. There is much truth in both. Dr. Neubauer seizes upon a subject of absorbing interest to many. To the question, "Where are the Ten Tribes?" he replies by giving a clear and interesting conspectus of the traditions in the Bible, the Talmud, and the Midrashic literature. He promises to return to the subject. Dr. Friedländer discusses the design and contents of Ecclesiastes, but without examining those traces of Greek philosophic influences in which Dean Perowne at the

Church Congress professed himself a believer. Perhaps this subject will be taken up later. "The New Year and its Liturgy" is the theme of a study by M. Friedmann. It is, however, not treated with reference to recent criticism. Prof. Cheyne's article on "The Origin of the Book of Zechariah" compares the arguments for a pre-exile and a post-exile date of Zechariah, ix.-xi. and xii.-xiv., and indicates a third view in the direction of which several recent writers have been treading. Other Christian scholars have promised their co-operation; and Mr. Montefiore, one of the editors, reciprocates this friendly feeling by a singularly thorough and honestly sympathetic review of Prof. Cheyne's new book on the Psalms.

THE current number of the *Torch*, Mr. E. A. Petherick's "Colonial book circular," continues the bibliography of New South Wales from 1836 to 1849. It also gives a catalogue of the astronomical and other writings of the late R. A. Proctor, with a portrait; and a very complete list of English and American magazines and reviews. We congratulate the editor on the fact that his useful and scholarly publication has now passed into its second year.

SELECTED FOREIGN BOOKS.

GENERAL LITERATURE.

- BARREY D'AUBREVILLE, J. Le Théâtre contemporain. T. II. Paris: Quantin. 3 fr. 50 c.
BONAPARTE, Le Prince Lucien, et sa famille. Paris: Plon. 15 fr.
CARO, E. Poètes et romanciers. Paris: Hachette. 3 fr. 50 c.
DEL LONGO, J. Dante ne' tempi di Dante. Bologna: Zanichelli. 5 fr.
DU CAMP, Maxime. Une histoire d'amour. Paris: Conquet. 12 fr.
JULIEN, F. L'Amiral Courbet d'après ses lettres. Paris: Palmé. 3 fr. 50 c.
MAGISTRETTI, P. Il fuoco e la luce nella Divina Commedia. Milan: Dumolard. 15 fr.
MARMIER, X. Voyages et littérature. Paris: Hachette. 3 fr. 50 c.
MAUPASSANT, Guy de. Le Roesier de Mme. Husson. Paris: Quantin. 3 fr. 50 c.
SIEFFERT, J. P. La Marine en danger 1870-1893. Paris: Savine. 3 fr. 50 c.

HISTORY, ETC.

- BONDOIS, Paul. Histoire de la Révolution de 1870-71 et des origines de la troisième République. Paris: Picard. 12 fr.
DE TERRIERE SANTANS. Campagnes d'Alexandre Farnèse, Duc de Parme et de Plaisance (1591-2). Paris: Berger-Levrault. 5 fr.
HIPPEAU, E. Histoire diplomatique de la troisième République. Paris: Dentu. 7 fr. 50 c.
LEROUX, A. Histoire de la Réforme dans la Marche et le Limousin. Paris: Fischbacher. 8 fr. 50 c.
LOUIS, A. Bernard de Saintes et la réunion de la principauté de Montbéliard à la France. Paris: Fischbacher. 6 fr.
MEMORIA e documenti per la storia della università di Parma nel medio evo. Vol. I. Parma: Battel. 8 fr.
MONUMENTI sepolcrali di lettori dello studio bolognese nei secoli XIII., XIV., XV., Bologna: Fava. 35 fr.
SCHREIER, Ch. Les Voyages de Ludovico di Varthema, ou le Viateur en la plus grande partie de l'Orient, traduits de l'italien en Français par J. Balarin de Raconis. Paris: Leroux. 30 fr.
VILLELLÉ, Mémoires et Correspondance du Comte de T. 3. Paris: Didier. 7 fr. 50 c.

PHYSICAL SCIENCE AND PHILOSOPHY.

- BAUERMEISTER, W. Zur Philosophie d. bewussten Geistes. Eine Entwickelg. d. Gottesbegriffes aus der Geschichte der religion u. Philosophie. 1. Abth. Die Hypothese. Hannover: Helwing. 3 M.
BOVARI, Th. Zellenstudien. 2. Hft. Die Befruchtg. u. Teilg. d. Eies v. Ascaris megalocephala. Jena: Fischer. 7 M. 50 Pf.
FROMMELT, R. Ueb. die Entwicklung der Placenta v. Myotus murinus. Wiesbaden: Bergmann. 20 M.
JACOB, E. Die Welt od. Darstellg. siment. Naturwissenschaften m. den sich ergeb. allgemeinen Schlussfolgergn. 2. Bd. Physik. Würzburg: Stachel. 10 M. 80 Pf.
KOENIG, E. Die Entwicklung d. Causalproblems vor Cartesius bis Kant. Leipzig: Wigand. 5 M.
RITTER, W. Anwendungen der graphischen Statik. Nach C. Culmann bearb. 1. Tl. Die im Innern e. Balkens wirkenden Kräfte. Zürich: Meyer. 8 M.

PHILOLOGY, ETC.

- ANTONIBON, G. Studi sull' arte poetica di Orazio Flacco. Bassano: Pozzato. 3 fr.
FERRARI, S. L'etica di Aristotele. Turin: Paravia. 5 fr.
SUSSEMIHL, F. Analectorum Alexandrinorum chronologicorum particula II. Berlin: Calvary. 2 M.

CORRESPONDENCE.

THE CLIFF OF THE DEAD AMONG TEUTONS.
Christ Church, Oxford: Oct. 7, 1888.

Gill and others have recorded the Polynesian belief respecting the Spirit's Rock—a precipice, generally overlooking the sea, down which the spirits of the dead are supposed to leap after death on their way to the spirit-world, and down which living persons have occasionally hurled themselves out of life. This belief obtained also among the Greeks; and *Odyssey* x., 11 presents a very clear allusion to Leucas, White-Cliff, as a way to the spirit-world. I think the idea was also known to the Teutons, for, as regards the Old English, there is a phrase, hitherto I fancy unnoticed, which seems to admit of no other interpretation. As the passage in which it occurs is of much interest, I quote it in full; it is from *Judith*, ll. 110-121 (I use A. S. Cook's handy edition), and describes the death of the "heathen hound," Holofernes, when, after the two fatal strokes,

"læg se fûla leap
gæste beafan, gæst ellor hwearf
Under neowelne nas and ðær genyðerad was
sûle geseald syððan wære,
wyrnum beurdenn, witum gebunden,
hearde gehæfted in helle-bryne
æfter hinsiðe. Ne ðearf he hopian nô,
þýstrum forðylmed, þæt he ðowan môte
of ðam weyrmele, ac ðær wunian secal
awa to aldre bútan ende forð
in ðam heolstran hām, hyht-wynna léas."

Here the spirit is described as disappearing down beneath the Dark Headland or Black Cliff, and, sinking into the dark Hall of Snakes, which, as a part of the Teutonic Tartarus, we know from Wolurpá,

"Sal uetit-ec standa, sólo flarri . . .
sáres undinn salr onna hryggjom."

C. P. B., ll. 627 and 640.

The passage has been strangely misunderstood, because it was not known that *neowd* was the same word as the O.N. *nól*, which occurs in *Alvismál* 117 as a synonym for "night," and denotes the black, moonless night; and, accordingly, a meaning was guessed for it—"profound," "abyssal," and the like. While, to make sense out of the passage thus misconstrued, the meaning of O.E. *nas*, which is perfectly certain, was mangled; and it was said to mean "chasm," just the opposite of jutting cape or cliff-nose, its real interpretation.

Nor does this passage stand alone in referring to this Cliff of the Dead. There is a curious passage in Gautrec's Saga (p. 7), which runs to this effect:

"There is a certain cliff . . . called Gilling's Cliff, and there hard by is a certain peak or crag, which we call the Crag of the Ancestors or Forebears, it is so high and such a fly or drop below it, that no living thing that goes over it could keep its life. It is called the Forebears' Peak, because we minish the number of our kindred there, . . . and all our ancestors die there without any sickness, and thence journey to Woden, and we need have neither trouble nor cost for our fore-bears, for this place of bliss hath ever been open to our ancestors."

A citation which, like its context, is exceedingly Polynesian in its practical humour.

Breda, too, tells of the people of the South Saxon, under stress of famine, leaping hand in hand over cliffs in companies.

There are probably allusions among the Low and High Germans to the Cliff of the Dead, which others could supply; but I do not wish now to do more than call attention to this curious and neglected survival of a very primitive theory of the Spirit's Journey among the Old English.

F. YORK POWELL.

THE COLOUR "PERS" IN CHAUCER.

Stanhoe Grange, Norfolk: Oct. 8, 1888.

By way of supplement to my former letter on this subject (*ACADEMY*, September 22), I

may add the following quotations in illustration of the word "pers."

In Méon's *Blasons des XV et XVI^{mes} Siècles* I find it applied, as distinct from blue, to the gilly-flower:

"Giroflées sont fleurs communes,
Mais en leur couleur différentes,
Les unes sont blanches, aucunes
Sont bleues, mais plus apparentes
Sont les perces et plus fréquentes
En médecine."

(*Blason des Fleurs*, p. 295.)

Assuming, as seems most probable, that the flower intended is the clove gilly-flower (Lat. *Caryophyllus*), not the stock gilly-flower, "pers" here would be a shade of red, in fact, pink or carnation. This appears to be its meaning in the following passage also, where it is mentioned along with several other shades of red—a gentleman is giving orders to his "garderober" as to what purchases he is to make:

"Je vuol que vous en irez a mon draper, et vous achateriez de lui douze verges de fin escarlet, sis verges de rouge, huit verges de pearce, noef verges de sanguin et atant de violet et bronnnet, et quinze verges de blanket."—(*La Manière de Langage qui enseigne à Parler et à Ecrire le Français*.)

The recurrence in the above quotation (which is from a work by an Englishman contemporary with Chaucer) of "sanguin and pers" together is a coincidence which may be noted.

In the subjoined extracts from the *Blason de la Marguerite* "pers" obviously indicates various shades of blue, for it is applied successively to the sapphire, the turquoise, and the agate:

"Entre les pierres merveilleuses,
On en tient sept plus précieuses,
Le diamant, le saphyr pers,
La ronde et blanche marguerite," &c.

"Mais l'escarboucle en taint diverse,
L'agate, la turquoise perse . . .
Si précieuses ne sont certe."

"L'agate d'espece diverse
Blanche ou jaune ou rouge ou perse . . ."
(Méon, *Blasons*, pp. 339, 340, 342.)

From the examples given here and in my former letter it will be seen that the colour "pers" ranges through nearly every shade of blue, from the blue-black of hair to the greenish blue of the turquoise; and it also apparently includes shades of crimson.* Most frequently, however, it indicates a dark or livid blue; but in the absence of a determining object it is not easy to establish exactly what colour is intended.

My conjecture that, in the expressions *pers azuré*, *pers noir*, &c., the word "pers" has, like *écarlate* and *pourpre* in similar expressions, lost its meaning of colour, and indicates simply a material, seems to be confirmed by the Provençal *perset vermeill*, *presset vermel*, i.e., *pers vermeil*, given by Raynouard in his *Lexique Roman* (iv. 522); as well as by a passage in the "Paston Letters" (No. 99, vol. i., p. 134; ed. Gairdner), where mention is made of "j. gowne of fyn perse blew furryd with martens." Cf. also the *Fabliau de la Bourse pleine de Sens*, in which a "riche bourgeois" is described as going to the fair at Troies, where

"I ot assez de draperie,
Qu'il n'ot cure de friperie,
Mais d'escarlate tainte en graine,
De bons pers et de bonne laine,"

* The fact that the same word should mean both crimson and blue may be explained by its derivation (*persicum* sc. *malum*), each of these colours being characteristic of the peach at different stages of its development; perhaps, however, the signification of red is due to the blossom, not the fruit, of the peach.

and whence he brings home for his "amie"

"Bone robe de bons pers d'Ypre."
(Barbazan et Méon, *Fabliaux et Contes*, vol. iii., pp. 41, 44.)

That *écarlate* came to indicate a material without reference to colour (a point upon which Littré is somewhat doubtful) is evident, not only from the above passage, but from another in *La Manière de Langage*—the dialogue is between a draper's apprentice and a customer:

"Ore regardez, biau sire, comment vous plaist il. Veicy de bon escarlet violet, sangwyttannes, et de tous autres colours que n'en peut nommer; ore esliez de tel que vous plest.—Donques, dit un marchand: que me costera tout cest renc d'escarlet?—Et l'autre dit ainsi: Biau sire, vous me dounrez deux miles francs."

"Scarlet" was used in English in the same way. Chaucer's "Wif of Bath" has "hosen of fyn scarlet reed," and in the *Anatomy of Abuses* (pp. 70, 72, quoted by Morris) we read of:

"petticoates of the beste clothe that can be made. And sometimes they are not of clothe neither, for that is thought too base, but of scarlet, grograine, taffatie, silke and such like . . . they have kirtles either of silke, velvet, grograine, taffatie, satten, or scarlet, bordered with gardes, lace, fringes, &c."

And again in *John Russells Boke of Nurture*, where the "office off a chamburlayne" is described:

"Or youre mastir depart his place, afore that this be seyn,
To brusche besily about hym; luke all be pur and playn
Whethur he were saten, sendell, vellewet, scarlet, or greyn."
(Ed. Furnivall, E.E.T.S., p. 178.)

Similarly "purple," like *pourpre*, denoted a material. Sir John Harrington, in his *Dyet for Every Day*, says: "I doe iudge it not to bee much amisse to vse garments of Silke or Bom-bace, or of purple" (ed. Furnivall, p. 255).

I may take this opportunity of thanking Mr. Emslie for his communication on the subject of "pers" (*ACADEMY*, September 29). It is interesting, but proves nothing one way or the other.

PAGET TOYNBEE.

THE LEGEND OF THE OLDEST ANIMALS.

London: Oct. 13, 1888.

Another poem on the subject to which Mr. Stokes has drawn attention is to be found in the Book of Ballymote—a MS. written about the beginning of the fifteenth century (Facs. 14 a. 7). It is the beginning of a collection of numerical memoranda, which ends on l. 38 of the same column. The words are:

Tre	gort	crann.
Tre	crann	cu.
Tre	cu	marcc.
Tre	marcc	doen.
Tre	doen	set.
Tre	set	nasc.
Tre	nasc	iach.
Tre	iach	eo.
Tre	eo	bith.
Bitá	beo	dia.

With some uncertainty about *set* and *nasc*, they may be translated:

Three fields a tree.
Three trees a hound.
Three hounds a horse.
Three horses a human being.
Three human beings a path.
Three paths a chain.
Three chains a salmon.
Three salmon a yew.
Three yews the world.
Forever living—God.

The *bradan* of the version which Mr. Stokes gives is an interesting confirmation of the gloss on *iac* printed by Windisch (*Wörterbuch*, 610)

from Leabhar na Huidhri (Facs. 16 b. 38, 39), *lúda irricht iac gl. á. bratán*, when placed beside the Ballymote version.

NORMAN MOORE.

GLASTONBURY AND "LITTLE IRELAND."

London: October 13, 1888.

The traditional connexion of St. Patrick with Glastonbury would receive further confirmation if it could be shown that the saint had ever been in this region. I venture to throw out the following suggested explanation of Bon-aven Tabernae:

Bon=foot, applied to rivers, e.g., Bundoran, &c., cognate with English "bottom," German "Boden," Latin "Fundus."

Aven=Amhain, pronounced Aven, gen. sing. of Amhan=river.

Tabernae=t Saberne, gen. sing., with initial *S* eclipsed by *t* after the nasal *n*, of Sabern, the probable early form of the Sabrina of the Romans and the Hafren of the Welsh. Thus, Mac an Saggart (Sacerdos) becomes Mac an Taggart. The Romans probably got this name from Gaelic and not Cymric lips.

With regard to Beckery there is in the Notes from the Leabar Breac to the Calendar of Oengus the following (p. lxxvi., *Calendar of Oengus*, edited by Whitley Stokes):

"This is the Bishop Ibar, who had the great conflict with Patrick. . . . Patrick is enraged with him, and this is what he said, 'Thou shalt not be in Ireland,' quoth Patrick. 'Ireland (Eri) shall be the name of the place wherein I am,' quoth Bishop Ibar. Unde *Bec-eri nominatus est*, i.e., an island which is in Ui Cennselagh and out on the sea it is. This island is now called Beggary Island in Wexford."

P.S.—The editor of the *Senchus Mor* (vol. ii., pp. xiii. et seq.) gives some cogent reasons for identifying St. Patrick's alleged birthplace, Nempthor (i.e., *Nem*=holy, heavenly; *Tor*=eminence), with St. Michael's Tor near Glastonbury, and Caer Britton with Bristol.

Charter 567, *Cod. Diplom.*, which, although spurious, is probably of the twelfth century, makes Beocherie=Parva Hibernia.

EDMUND MCCLURE.

ROCK-HEWN CHURCHES IN THE SOUTH OF ITALY.

Coombe Vicarage, near Woodstock: Oct. 15, 1888.

In this month's number of the *Antiquary* the Rev. H. F. Tozer gives an account of certain rock-hewn churches in the south of Italy. The writer of a notice thereof in the *ACADEMY* (October 13) says:

"Why these interesting churches have been formed underground may admit of controversy. We conjecture that it was for much the same reason that the Roman Christians of an earlier time worshipped in the catacombs. It must be borne in mind that, whatever power was sovereign, the Terra d'Otranto was always liable to be overrun by hordes of Moslem adventurers."

On my way home from Greece, in 1885, I landed at Brindisi, and went by rail, first, in a north-western direction, to Foggia, then, in a southern, to Rocchetta di Melfi. On May 30 I made my way thence to Melfi, and climbed Monte Vulture, the Vultur of Horace. After being dragged, by a rope, out of a rift in that mountain, I was, till June 1, the guest, at Barile, of Signor Bozza, a man who has held offices in the Italian ministry. On May 31, he told me that Barile contained 4000 inhabitants. On my expressing my surprise at the number, he said that the poor lived in caves hollowed out of the side of Monte Vulture; and he took me into one of these rock-hewn dwellings. On June 1, he escorted me to Venosa (Venusia), where his brother owns the castle. On our way, we breakfasted at a sort of little farmhouse

belonging to him, which was hollowed out of the side of a rock.

The existence of these rock-hewn dwellings is to be accounted for by the facility with which they are formed. May not this have something to do with the existence of the rock-hewn churches?

J. HOSKYNs-ABRAHAM.

"THE ASTONISHING HISTORY OF TROY TOWN."

Wargrave, Henley-on-Thames: Oct. 9, 1888.

Will you grant me space to clear up a small misunderstanding?

On p. 256 of a recent story—*The Astonishing History of Troy Town* (Cassell)—I have quoted as part of an old song some lines lately published by Mr. W. E. Henley in his *Book of Verses* (David Nutt).

Two years ago a friend sent me a page of the *Family Herald* containing an article on old songs, where the lines in question were given as a veritable antique; and from this source I took them, in my simplicity believing the song to be a shamefully forgotten gem. The explanation is that Mr. Henley gave away a copy of his verses in MS., and thus they crept into print without his knowledge. It is only due to him, I think, to ask you to insert this explanation. Q.

APPOINTMENTS FOR NEXT WEEK.

MONDAY, Oct. 22, 4 p.m. Royal Academy: "The Muscles of the Human Body," I., by Prof. J. Marshall.

5 p.m. Hellenic Society: "The Temple at Delphi," by Prof. J. H. Middleton.

FRIDAY, Oct. 26, 4 p.m. Royal Academy: "The Muscles of the Human Body," II., by Prof. J. Marshall.

8 p.m. Browning Society: "Paracelsus," by Dr. E. Berdoe.

SCIENCE.

Logic; or, the Morphology of Knowledge.
By Bernard Bosanquet. In 2 vols.
(Oxford: Clarendon Press.)

THIS book is very much the most important philosophical work that has been published in the English language since Lewes's *Problems of Life and Mind*; and I do not in saying this overlook either Jevons's *Principles of Science* or Green's *Prolegomena to Ethics*. It has a wider scope than Prof. Green's works ever had, and it differs from Jevons's work by being both metaphysic and literature, as well as a treatise on the logic of science. Mr. Bosanquet has not, indeed, quite the amount of scientific illustration at his disposal that Jevons had; but his range is wide enough, including as it does not only examples from mathematics, acoustics, botany, anthropology, and other sciences—and examples, too, of a really valuable kind—but illustrations from the blunders of an examinee (ii, p. 22), and from the love of moving in the lower categories of thought which is exhibited by Sir J. F. Stephen (i, p. 263).

But I venture to think that the true interest of the work lies in its historical significance. It is really the last word of the movement which some people miscall Neo-Kantian, and which future historians may perhaps call Scoto-Oxonian. That movement, which has so powerfully affected the minds of the younger men at Oxford for the last fifteen years, seems, indeed, but a feeble reflection of its German counterpart. Beginning in a misinterpretation of a portion of Kant's *Kritik*, it seems to have gone through phases like those of the post-Kantian movement in

Germany. Prof. Green was its Fichte; Mr. Bosanquet is, in a kind of way, its Hegel. At least, his book is at bottom an attempt to exhibit all knowing as the gradual development of an Absolute Thought; and his exploitation of the worlds of science and art, as well as of the most recent discoveries in logic—his repeated protests against the "one-sided and mechanical" view of nature, which is the only view that ordinary science knows; his insistence on the "teleological aspect" as no less real than the mechanical—are a very great advance on Prof. Green's arid reproduction of the Absolute Ego for purposes which were, at least mainly, ethical and religious. Now this advance inspires the unsympathetic spectator with a hope that the movement may be freed altogether from the trammels of an obscure metaphysic in England, as it seems to have been in Germany. Mr. Seth, and at least one other prominent disciple, have already got themselves clear; and the progress from the *Prolegomena to Ethics* to *The Morphology of Knowledge* gives promise that others will follow their example. As things are, the recent advances in logical doctrine are mostly contained in this book; but they are rendered almost unintelligible by the metaphysical conceptions which they are exploited to support. To disengage them completely would take more time than any reviewer is likely to be able to spare. I can only state, with considerable diffidence, the impressions I have received during the severe exercise of reading the two volumes.

It is called the "Morphology of Knowledge" because its aim is to exhibit the leading types in which thought reveals itself—types which are successive and not wholly separable. Reality is a single system of related things (posited by Absolute Thought?). Each individual intelligence tends to become adequate to it. All knowledge may be represented as a single judgment with reality for its subject, and in the form—"Reality is such that . . ." (Hence it is not surprising to find that the distinction of subject and predicate in a judgment is of minor importance, i, p. 82, sq.) All knowing whatever is reducible to modes of judgment. Naming involves judgment (i, p. 34): "Judgment breaks up into judgments as rhomboidal spar into rhomboids" (i, p. 88), and inference differs from judgment proper only in the mediateness of its reference to reality (ii, p. 4). Knowing always implies the recognition of universals. The function of knowing is traced through the progressive evolution of a system of categories (which are not, however, called by that name), through inference and its varieties—mathematical reasoning, induction, and hypothesis; and the work closes with a chapter on the Laws of Thought, which appear to be reinterpreted in conformity with the rejection of the distinction between the form and the matter of thought. But these laws of thought cover only one view of the universe—that of ordinary natural science. As a system of mutually conditioned parts, the universe is not only interpretable in detail according to the Principle of Sufficient Reason, but interpretable, as a whole, by the help of certain (obscure) ethical conceptions. Beyond the mechanical view there is a teleological.

Now embedded in all this extra-logical

theory—which is very gradually revealed—there are really valuable additions to logical doctrine—some of them, indeed, not new—which can be treated independently of metaphysic. Such, for instance, are the doctrine now generally accepted that thought and language start with the sentence; the revision—after Jevons—of the relations between extent and content; the familiar attack on the logical copula and on the doctrine that judgment involves transition in time from the subject to the predicate; the no less familiar treatment of cause and effect (in the fullest sense) as essentially identical—a treatment, by the way, which leads to the conception of a timeless history (i, p. 276); a renewed attack—recalling G. H. Lewes—on Mill's unfortunate treatment of the "Plurality of Causes"; the exhibition of negation as a repulse of a suggested content—a view which does not seem to differ essentially from Mr. Bradley's; a completely new division of judgments, which involves the distinction of four varieties underlying the old universal judgment of ordinary logic, and is, perhaps, the most valuable part of the purely logical element in the book; and most elaborate and detailed chapters on scientific reasoning, which, so far as the purely scientific knowledge goes, are a long way ahead of ordinary logic books. Only we never get rid of the identical and permanent Universals, the fusion of the form and content of thought, and the rest of the metaphysical theory into whose service all knowledge is to be pressed.

As it is the chapters on the Logic of Science that will probably attract most readers, it must be said that, when Mr. Bosanquet's metaphysic is eliminated, it is difficult to see that we have got much beyond Mill and Jevons, so far as the logic is concerned. To say that

"Induction in its most general sense consists in satisfying the principle of Sufficient Reason by an analysis of experience directed to revealing the true coherence of differences within universals" (ii, p. 118), really does not tell us much more—barring the universals—than Mill's view, that induction arrives at particular statements of causation guaranteed to be true by the general law. "Satisfying the principle" only means finding it in the phenomena; and Mr. Bosanquet thrusts his universals on us as primary, whereas the empiricist regards them as ideal and derivative, with their correspondence to sense-experience made practically certain by the law of causation which they involve. When Mr. Bosanquet goes on (p. 118) to say that "scientific analysis does not deal with instances, but only with contents," we revert to our memories of G. H. Lewes; and, when he says that "the distinction between induction and other forms of inference, erroneously described as the distinction between induction and deduction, is chiefly a distinction of aspects," or that "induction is a transient and external characteristic of inference" (ii, p. 176), the reader feels that, after all, he is not very far from J. S. Mill. Mill, of course, held that all inference is from particulars to particulars. If you sum up the particulars by the way it is induction; if you apply your summary to predict new particulars, it is deduction; but you can only predict with confidence if your summary involves a mode

of the Law of Universal Causation, and the "four methods" are simply methods of bringing these summaries into connexion with that law. It is difficult to see how we are helped by calling the resemblant elements in the particulars identical universals, or what guarantee we have, apart from metempirical theory, either that these universals are really secured, or that they will continue to correspond to particulars in the future. Mr. Bosanquet seems to admit the practical possibility of non-correspondence (ii., p. 173), but here again his theory of the Universal leads to the conclusion that final certainty of the truth of a hypothesis can be obtained without refuting all possible alternatives (ii., p. 166-7). Here, however, the unbeliever in the Universal cannot well pursue the subject further. It is a pity, because, as I have said, Mr. Bosanquet brings to the illustration of the subject an amount of scientific knowledge and a power of attractive exemplification from mathematics, physics, botany, and anthropology, which is rarely even approached by professed logicians. But, without esoteric knowledge, these cannot be fully appreciated; and one has an uncomfortable feeling that the esoteric knowledge is not worth the trouble of acquisition.

It is this remoteness and ideality of the whole book which renders it such a hopeless task for the uninitiated reader to make anything of it. We seem to see that its main design is to insist that the mechanical view of the universe, which is the view of natural science, requires to be supplemented by a teleological view, which most people would relegate to the sphere of aesthetic criticism. One cannot but reply that after all the mechanical view is real for as many as can understand it—that is, it is interpretable in terms of their sense-experience, and, so far as can be seen, likely to correspond with it in future; but that the teleological view admits of as many interpretations as there are interpreters, and lets in sympathies, prepossessions, philosophic dogmas, and, in short, the whole tribe of *Idola Specus* and *Idola Theatri*. And Mr. Bosanquet indicates this when he says (ii., p. 216 *sq.*) that his confidence as to the prolongation of human life on the earth is based "on conceptions akin to the *βίος τέλειος* of Aristotle—i.e., on the conception of a duration and environment of life adequate to the accomplishment of some worthy purpose." Many Christians, as Mr. Bosanquet freely admits (ii. p. 217), believe that such a life can only be lived by a select few in another world, and that the "teleological conception" points to a speedy dissolution of the present one. The authors of *The Unseen Universe* used the conception as a basis of a physical theory of immortality; and who is to decide which view it justifies by merely appealing to the "ethical core of our convictions" (cp. p. 215)? This appeal is ordinarily made in popular controversy by smiting the breast and saying "I feel it here"; but the philosophic version is only a roundabout way of doing the same thing. Indeed, the outcome of the appeal to teleology (ii., p. 218) seems simply to be that the universe has some purpose or other.

Mr. Bosanquet, however, is prevented from adopting either of the alternative views above

mentioned by his account of time and space (cp. especially vol. i., p. 183 *sqq.*), which regards their infinity as not merely unreal, but unmeaning. Thought (which yet cannot be distinctly dissociated from the material organism, ii. p. 77) seems thus to move in a limited space, like the circular and finite space posited by some mathematicians, and everything outside that sphere is treated not merely as nonexistent, but as absolutely nonsensical. Scoffers not unfrequently compare this progress with that of the kitten pursuing its own tail. But if the kitten were meanwhile to analyse its consciousness, and to regard all the content of its mind apart from the pursuit of its tail as mere illusion generated during the analysis, the parallel would be as exact as such parallels can well be. The interesting thing to the mere spectator of modern Idealism—whether German or Scotch-Oxonian—is its gradual transition from a dogmatic Idealism which is barely on speaking terms with natural science to a dogmatic Realism (like Ueberweg's) which will have nothing to say to anything else. Mr. Bosanquet claims the right to regard the world from a teleological or ethical standpoint; but still there is only one world, and the next step in the movement cannot but be to realise that the teleological aspect, the identical universals, the logical categories, and the whole furniture of the system are mere machinery—mere ideal constructions for the purpose of synthesis which the philosopher had best after all reserve for his aesthetic or poetic moods. Whether it is worth while going through so much to reach so little may not unreasonably be doubted.

It is possible, of course, to misapprehend the meaning of a book which in difficulty is to the harder portions of Kant's *Kritik* as those parts are to the evening newspaper, and which is not made easier either by the fluency and perspicuity which its style appears to possess, or by any clear and explicit statement of its metaphysical presuppositions. But still I do not think I have misapprehended the general drift of the work; and it is, I think, this drift which makes it so significant in the present history of English philosophy. If only its science and logic could be disengaged from its metaphysics they would win the respect they deserve. As it is, one is reminded of a criticism on the Hegelian Erdmann: "Er schreibt nur innerhalb des Kreises"; and I cannot agree with Mr. Bosanquet's implied assertion (ii., p. 229), familiar though it is to most Oxford men, that somehow his theory is immanent in Plato and Aristotle.

JAMES SAUMAREZ MANN.

SCIENCE NOTES.

A DEEP boring which is being undertaken at Streatham, by the Southwark and Vauxhall Water Company, is exciting a good deal of interest in geological circles. At the Bath meeting of the British Association, Mr. W. Whitaker, of the Geological Survey, briefly described the boring, and he again called attention to it in *The Times* of last Wednesday. After piercing the tertiaries, the chalk and the upper greensand, it passed through 188 feet of gault, and then, without encountering any lower greensand, entered at once into jurassic strata, probably on the horizon of the marble. The boring is now at a depth of 1,095 feet from

the surface; and although the prospect of obtaining water is not hopeful, it is greatly desired that the work should be carried on in the interests of science, and in the hope of settling the vexed question of the existence or non-existence of a sub-metropolitan coal field.

PHILOLOGY NOTES.

DR. R. E. BRÜNNOW, the first part of whose classified list of the Assyrian characters has recently been noticed in the ACADEMY, is at present engaged upon a work which will be of interest to Englishmen. It will consist of extracts from Arabic MSS., for the most part unpublished, which relate to this country.

THE Rev. J. H. Kennedy, rector of Stillorgan, near Dublin, has published a pamphlet (Dublin: Hodges, Figgis, & Co.), in which he draws attention to the discovery of a new MS. containing part of the long lost commentary of Saint Hippolytus of Rome on the last six chapters of Daniel. This MS. was found a few years ago in the Theological College in the island of Chalcé by Dr. Basilios Georgiades, who has delayed his publication of the complete text until he could collate it with all the known MSS. of Hippolytus in the libraries of Western Europe. Meanwhile he has printed a portion of it in a Greek magazine at Constantinople, which Mr. Kennedy has here reprinted, together with notes, showing the importance of the quotations from the New Testament for critical purposes, and an English translation.

FINE ART.

A Popular Handbook to the National Gallery, including Notes from the Works of Mr. Ruskin. Compiled by Edward T. Cook. With Preface by John Ruskin. In 2 vols. (Macmillan.)

SOME such book as this has long been wanted, and if this does not supply the exact want, at least it will go far to do so; for such defects as it has are due rather to the scheme of the undertaking than to any fault on the part of the compiler. In some ways it bears a resemblance to a handbook of the Italian Schools in the Dresden Gallery by C. J. Ff., to which the ACADEMY recently drew attention; but in this the painters are arranged alphabetically, and the information is more terse and arranged in a more systematic manner. In Mr. Cook's handbook short biographies are furnished of each artist, the subject of each picture is described, and explanations are given, social and historical, with detailed information when required regarding the attributes of saints, and many other such accessory matters which the pictures themselves do not explain. Besides all this, each school is furnished with an introductory essay on its history and tendencies, social, moral, and religious. A full list is for the first time given of all the pictures in numerical order (which is also the order of acquisition), together with the manner of acquisition (by purchase, bequest, or gift), with other interesting facts regarding donors and prices, and references to the present position of the pictures in the Gallery. From this it will be seen that as a book of reference only it will be very useful.

The pictures are taken room by room in the order in which they are hung. This is a plan which has its convenience, though it would be somewhat embarrassing if applied to most galleries, and would have been if

applied to this a very little while ago; but now the pictures are arranged so well, the different schools so divided from one another, and the pictures within these schools so well grouped, that something like strict chronological sequence is preserved, and all the works of each master so kept together that very little turning of pages is necessary in order to find all that is to be found about each particular painter and his works. One obvious inconvenience of Mr. Cook's arrangement is that every alteration in the hanging of the pictures will upset it; but as no serious changes are likely to be made for some time, this will probably affect but slightly either the public or the author.

So far, therefore, we have a really valuable handbook to the National Gallery, including everything except the Turner watercolours, for which Mr. Ruskin's own handbook in a measure provides; and so far also Mr. Ruskin may be held fairly justified in his statement in the preface, that Mr. Cook's book contains just what everybody wishes to know about each picture in the gallery and its painter. But, besides all this information on matters of fact, Mr. Cook gives extracts, critical and descriptive, from the works of Mr. Ruskin, and where Mr. Ruskin fails him, from other writers; and also a good many poetical quotations, for the most part wisely chosen, and likely to add much to the enjoyment of the pictures by "laymen" and others than laymen. But it is in this portion of the book, especially in the extracts, of a more or less critical character, affecting the reputation of artists and the merits of particular pictures, that the weakness of the book's scheme lies. These extracts certainly do not always contain just what the reader wants to know, and do contain a good many things which the reader does not at all want to know—at least, to enable him to understand and appreciate the pictures in the National Gallery. This remark applies mainly, if not entirely, to the passages from Mr. Ruskin; for the rest are chosen because of their appropriateness, and have at least for the most part been written in reference to the pictures in regard to which they are quoted by Mr. Cook. But this is not the case in regard to a great number of the extracts of this kind from Mr. Ruskin's works. Sometimes these passages were not written with reference to the particular picture; sometimes not even with reference to the artist of the particular picture, and very often in a controversial or even a polemical temper, suitable enough, no doubt, to the purpose and occasion for which they were written, but hardly calculated to tell the visitors of the National Gallery just what they wish to know. For instance, they will learn little of Michael Angelo as an artist, except that he bandaged the heads of his figures as a cheap means of attaining sublimity, and that he learnt the body essentially from the corpse; and his knowledge of the art of Rosa Bonheur, if not supplemented from other sources, will be confined to the opinion of Mr. Ruskin, that she shrinks from painting the human face, and that till she leaves off so shrinking she will never paint the face of a horse, or a dog, or a bull, and that she has never painted a horse yet, but only the trotting bodies of horses. It is somewhat hard on these and

many other artists that they should be introduced to the visitors of the National Gallery in this fashion, and hard, also, on such of the visitors themselves as take their first impressions of artists and pictures from the National Gallery with the assistance of this handbook. There is also another point which is far from satisfactory with regard to these extracts from Mr. Ruskin, and that is that we cannot be sure that they represent his views at the present moment. That this great writer is not prepared to endorse all the views scattered through his writings, especially his earlier ones, we have abundant proof, and no more startling one than his permission to his pupils to accept M. Ernest Chesneau's criticism as his own. Mr. Cook tells us in his preface that, "beyond his general permission to reprint his past writings, Mr. Ruskin has, therefore, no responsibility for this compilation whatever." The visitor has, therefore, no guarantee that Mr. Ruskin's phrases of praise and blame attached to any picture or artist in the handbook have the authority of the writer. The criticisms from his books collected in these chapters upon the Turner Gallery, we are especially told, represent "solely his attitude to Turner at the time they were severally written." To sum up all these reasons why the book, so far as these extracts are concerned, does not contain just what the visitor wishes to know, the word "attitude" is a useful one. It is because they represent the "attitude" of the writer at a particular time, an attitude determined by other considerations than the enlightenment of the public by means of the National Gallery, that they are not so well suited as they might be for the present purpose.

Given, however, the conditions under which Mr. Cook worked, there is little to be said against the result of his labour. He has selected the extracts from Mr. Ruskin with judgment, and has sometimes shown great ingenuity in fitting them to the pictures. He has also given very numerous and well-chosen extracts from nearly everyone who has written seriously on the pictures in the gallery, besides apt quotations from others. To almost every picture the text will afford something to stimulate interest and suggest thought.

COSMO MONKHOUSE.

NOTES ON ART AND ARCHAEOLOGY.

THE winter exhibitions are now commencing in earnest. Next week will be opened at the Grosvenor Gallery the first collection of pastels (and pastels alone) that has ever been brought together in this country; an exhibition of watercolour drawings at the Fine Art Society's in New Bond Street; and a series of watercolour drawings, entitled "Our Country and our Country Folk," by two members of the Royal Water-Colour Society—Mr. Arthur Hopkins and Mr. Charles Robertson—at Messrs. Dowdeswell's, also in New Bond Street. For each of these the private view is fixed for to-day.

THE Burlington Club exhibition of drawings by John Sell Cotman will, we hear, open somewhat earlier than was originally intended. It will be ready, it is hoped, before next month is very far advanced.

MISS JANE HARRISON—who is, we understand, a candidate for the chair of archaeology at University College, vacant by the resignation of Sir Charles Newton—will give a course of five lectures at the South Kensington Museum upon "The Cults and Monuments of Ancient Athens," with special reference to recent excavations. The lectures will be delivered on Fridays, at 5.15 p.m., beginning on November 2. Tickets may be obtained from Miss Wilson, 45 Colville Gardens, W.

THE first general meeting of the Hellenic Society for the current session will be held at 22 Albemarle Street, on Monday next, October 22 at 5 p.m., when Prof. J. H. Middleton will read a paper on "The Temple at Delphi."

MESSRS. GEORGE BELL & SONS will issue in this country an edition, limited to 200 copies, of *German Contemporary Art*. This work, which was originally published at Munich to commemorate the centenary of the Berlin Academy of Arts, consists of 140 photogravures, with descriptive text by Ludwig Pietsch. The English translation has been made by N. D'Anvers.

THE two memorial volumes of the Glasgow International Exhibition Loan Collections of Fine Arts and Archaeology, which are being prepared by Messrs. Constable, Edinburgh, and Messrs. MacLehose, Glasgow, are now well advanced. We understand that the Queen has accepted the dedication of both volumes, and has permitted her articles exhibited in the Bishop's Palace to be reproduced for illustration.

IN connexion with Mr. A. Ludovici's art class for ladies held at his studio in Charlotte Street, Fitzroy Square, the first adjudication of prizes to students took place last week at the galleries of Messrs. Dowdeswell in New Bond Street. Messrs. G. H. Boughton, Albert Moore, and Mortimer Menpes were the judges. The subject given (painted in oils) was "Day-light." Miss Florence Pash was the winner of the first prize, consisting of a gold medal and ten pounds; Miss Christie Ash took the silver medal and five pounds; and Miss Kathleen Shaw the bronze medal and three pounds; Miss Maude Walker also received honourable mention. The works sent in by the competitors will be on view for a few days at Messrs. Dowdeswell's.

THE STAGE.

"THE DEAN'S DAUGHTER" AND "L'ABBÉ CONSTANTIN."

EVERYBODY wishes well to Mr. Rutland Barrington in his enterprise at the St. James's Theatre; but the stage is, indeed, at a low ebb if that gentleman has need to have recourse to dramatisations of the novels written by the author of *As in a Looking Glass*, to draw the public to his place of entertainment. A certain appetite for the morbid, and a somewhat unnecessary desire to inspect the raiment of Mrs. Bernard Beere, contributed largely to the pecuniary success of "*As in a Looking Glass*" at the Opera Comique. The attraction of raiment is not very potent at the St. James's, and "*The Dean's Daughter*"—though it is disagreeable—is not morbid enough. I do not prophesy for it a long career. Mr. Sydney Grundy, the adapter, who can write with energy and wit—to the excellence of whose work in other places the ACADEMY has borne willing testimony—should really address himself to better tasks than the stage adaptation of stories not unskilled in all respects, but unpleasant in tone,

and none the more veracious for their cheapish cynicism. Under the circumstances I do not profess to be very sorry that his work—or the work in which he has a share—is not particularly well interpreted.

Mr. Barrington—remembering, it is suggested, his Vicar in “The Sorcerer”—plays the Dean. He plays it intelligently, and his friends on the first night were very glad to see him. He is not, I think, quite fairly to be reproached for “not lightening the part with the geniality with which Mr. Clayton invested the Dean of St. Marvels”—I am here quoting from a generally most sagacious critic. For, as it seems to me, the characters can hardly be described as “very similar.” The Dean of St. Marvels had, indeed, many human weaknesses; but the Dean in the newer play is an altogether evil man. Mr. Barrington’s method of presenting the character seems then to be not inappropriate; and, let it be added, he is presumably not to be blamed for certain indiscretions in the dialogue which one would willingly see retrieved.

But it is when we leave this promising and interesting young actor, whose first managerial venture we can hardly regard with approval, that the weakness of the cast begins to be manifest. Even then not at once, however; for Mr. Lewis Waller is a sympathetic representative of the best young man in the piece—a young gentleman whose loves are comparatively, even if they are not altogether, harmless. Mr. Beauchamp, too, looks and plays well; and Mdlle. Adrienne Dairolles, as a sharp-witted and spiteful *soubrette*, obtains a success only second to that which I recorded in Mr. Mark Ambient’s “Christina.” Her play is significant; her method engaging. Miss Olga Nethersole, when she plays so big a part as that of the “title-rôle,” as it is called—the Dean’s daughter—has yet a good deal to learn. Aptitudes we will not deny that she possesses, but accomplished art has yet to be hers. The vivacity of Miss Caroline Hill’s Mrs. Fortescue is somewhat akin to restlessness; and one or two other parts are not rendered with particular ability. But, as has been already said, the fact that the work is not interpreted to perfection gives no just reason for regret. When the piece leaves the boards altogether—and when Mr. Grundy, for all that I know, is asked to stand upon his own legs and invent his own story—the lamentations of the judicious will not be by any means profound.

When the Evangelical or High Church Englishwoman of somewhat limited experience, but with a gift for literary expression, addresses herself to the composition of a novel which shall present to us young English girls, English young men, and a blameless beneficed clergyman, we know that we are in the way to receive a romance not precisely exciting, yet presumably innocent. The advanced daughter may permit it to her mother—it will hurt nobody. Its innocence is, however, but greyness or blackness in comparison with that spotless snow-white product which will issue from the hands of the Parisian man of letters when he addresses himself to the idyllic and the pastoral. M. Halévy’s “L’Abbé Constantin”—the piece is played at this moment at the Royalty—is a case in point. M. Halévy collabora-

ted in more than one play which evinced a knowledge of the world, withheld, generally speaking, from the English Evangelical woman. Furthermore, he wrote brilliant stories. With a width of sympathy belonging to a true creator of comedy, he analysed for us “Monsieur Cardinal”—showed us his *amour-propre*, which we were bound to respect—indicated what Monsieur Cardinal would concede in the matter of man’s relations with his daughters, and at what point—it was not a very early one—he felt bound to draw the line. A dissection by so delicate an instrument as M. Halévy’s would have commanded Balzac’s admiration. But, later on, the writer changed his tack, and in “L’Abbé Constantin,” while still graciously willing to entertain if he might, he insisted chiefly on a faultless simplicity, an unquestioned blamelessness. He produced a work in comparison with which the *Swiss Family Robinson* is risky and the *Heir of Redcliffe* indiscreet. “L’Abbé Constantin” is not a great work. It contains a little real observation, and some neat writing. But, at the book shops, if it still continues to be asked for, it will be, in part, in consequence of the dainty illustrations with which Mdlle. Madeleine Lemaire has enriched a late, and, if the truth must be told, a costly, edition of it. At the theatre, it derives its chief attraction from a cause in which the pictorial still has a part; M. Lafontaine, who, as an exponent of a character, is always able to be picturesque as well as intelligent, presents a charming vision of the delightful ecclesiastic. And M. Lafontaine is now in London, at the theatre which—but it can only be for a brief period—conspicuously advertises its invitation to the schoolmistress to bring her youngest pupil to a lesson which is all sweetness. Alas! the presentation—apart from M. Lafontaine—lacks something that it might have had. The scenery—which need never be gorgeous—is inadequate. The cast is not particularly strong; and Mdlle. Jane May—who has played, very acceptably, far other rôles—does not take to the part of Bettina with enough of seriousness. Still, who shall withhold, from a French *impresario*, tribute of praise for his aspirations towards the quite unobjectionable!

FREDERICK WEDMORE.

STAGE NOTES.

A VERY interesting article—though one directed, as it seems to us, a little too exclusively against the systems at present in vogue—appeared in last week’s *Saturday Review* on “The Provinces as a Dramatic School.” The general conclusions of the writer, that the old systems were a good deal better than the new—in regard, at least, to the opportunity afforded for the training of actors—we by no means care to dispute; but there are two points, at least, upon which we are not quite at one with him. Nobody in the world benefits—the *Saturday Review* seems to say—by the state of things under which the provincial theatres are supplied by specially organised companies travelling with particular pieces, instead of by stock companies located in each town. Now, we cannot but think that, in respect of the finish and sufficiency of each performance it witnesses, the public gains very much by the new system. The playgoer in Bristol, Cardiff, Nottingham, or York, loses—though the *Saturday Review* does not remind

him of that loss—the interest of following into part after part the personality of one performer, who, by this means, he used to thoroughly know, and who was, because of this, not only an entertainer, but a familiar friend to him. But surely the playgoer is now permitted to witness—thanks to the travelling company—a performance not immature and hurried, but relatively complete. Again, the article, in its condemnation—a just one on the whole—of travelling companies as opportunities for training, omits to take note of the kind of travelling company which Mr. Compton heads, or Mr. Benson heads—a company not organised for the performance of a single play, or two plays at most, throughout the length and breadth of the land, but provided with an extremely extensive repertory of the legitimate drama. Several of the more intelligent of our younger actors and actresses have fully recognised, by their own action, the utility of such a company as that—as a means of training, not necessarily in the bigger parts, but in the higher walks of the drama.

MUSIC.

CRYSTAL PALACE CONCERTS.

IT is eight years since Beethoven’s first Symphony was played at the Crystal Palace, so that the performance, last Saturday afternoon, at the first concert of the series, of this early yet interesting work of the master was welcome. Both in this Symphony and in the “Magic Flute” Overture which preceded it, the orchestra, under Mr. Manns’ direction, was heard to very great advantage. The programme included a Ballad-Overture—“The Dowie Dens o’ Yarrow,” by Mr. Hamish MacCunn. The composer is a Scotchman, and he seems to take a special pride in illustrating scenes and deeds connected with the land of his birth. One would like to see him try his hand at a piece of purely abstract music. But we must take what he chooses to give us; and in this, his latest effort, he shows clearness of form combined with skilful and interesting workmanship. There is something delightfully fresh and picturesque about this Overture. Mr. MacCunn follows closely the sad tale as told in Sir Walter Scott’s ballad. There is the drinking bout and the quarrel between the two gentlemen of the Vale of Ettrick; then the musical portrait (by way of second theme) of the “Ladye Sarah.” The development section is concerned with the conflict at fearful odds, and the various themes are worked together most dexterously. The recapitulation section comes in due time. But the composer, by shortening it and adding an important coda, still follows on with the tale; and the late reminiscence of the opening theme, given out *pianissimo* by the brass instruments, fits well to the closing lines of the ballad—

“And there wi’ grief her heart did break
In the dowie dens o’ Yarrow.”

The performance was very good, and the composer was called to the platform at the close. Mr. Fritz Hartvigson, an excellent interpreter of Liszt’s music, gave a highly finished rendering of that composer’s Pianoforte Concerto in E flat, and was much applauded. This rhapsodical composition has, at least, one great merit; it gives a good pianist many opportunities of showing off his technical powers. Mdlle. Elvira Gambogi sang songs by Gounod, Schumann, and G. J. Bennett, and was well received. A Rhapsodie, “España,” by Chabrier, was placed at the end of the programme; and we must, therefore, take another opportunity of speaking about it.

J. S. SHEDLOCK.

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